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OF ALL DEALERS.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

Weekly ARE INSURED FOR £2000

No. 259.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JULY 6, 1895. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

Mild in operation and free from injurious drugs.

NORTON'S CAMOMILE PILLS

SPLENDID TONIC. TRADE NORTON'S MARK. GENTLE APERIENT.

100 Years' Reputation AS BEING AN UNEQUALLED REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION SICK-HEADACHE BILIOUSNESS DEBILITY STOMACH AND LIVER COMPLAINTS.

Bottles, 1/1½, 2/9, & 11/- each. By all Medical Vendors throughout the World.
Ask for "Norton's Camomile Pills," and do not be persuaded to purchase an Imitation.
Prepared by NORTON'S, LIMITED, 21, SPITAL SQUARE, LONDON, E.

BEETHAM'S Glycerine & Cucumber

The 'Queen' of Toilet Preparations FOR SUMMER USE. IT HAS NO EQUAL! FOR KEEPING THE SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH AND COOL AND REFRESHED during the hottest weather.
REMOVES and PREVENTS ALL SUNBURN, REDNESS, IRRITATION, FRECKLES, TAN, &c.
Refuse all Imitations. Be sure to ask for "BEETHAM'S," the ONLY GENUINE. Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers. Either size sent post free for 3d. extra, direct by the Sole Makers, H. BEETHAM & SON, Chemists, Cheltenham.

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.
Hemstitched, per doz. Children's 1/3, Ladies' 2/3, Gents' 3/3. Hem-stitched, per doz. Ladies' 2/9, Gents' 3/11.
Direct from the Manufacturers. "The Irish Cambrics of Messrs. ROBINSON & CLEAVER have a world-wide fame."—The Queen.
Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

LINEN COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS.
Collars, Ladies' 3-fold, 3/6 per doz. Gents' 4-fold, 4/11 per doz. Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen from 5/11 per doz.
Shirts, Best quality Long Cloth, with 4-fold Linen Fronts 35/6 per ½ doz. (to measure 2/- extra.)
"Exquisite quality, most moderate in price."—Myra's Journal.
(By Special Appointments to the Queen and Empress Frederick of Germany.)
ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Belfast.

CANCER IS NOT INCURABLE.
Testimony of the proof of this will be offered to anyone interested. Patients who have been operated upon are constantly calling, but I desire it to be known that I do not wish to see and disappoint sufferers. My process is only applied in cases where operation has not taken place, and in the earlier stages of the disease a cure is most certain. Delay only is dangerous. Consultations free. Correspondence invited.
Mr. HUDSON, 12, York Buildings, John Street, Adelphi, LONDON, W.C.

THE SOAP FOR HARD WATER. THE SOAP FOR SOFT WATER.
LATHERS FREELY in the HARDEST WATER
WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER
Household Requisite.
LARGEST SALE of 16 TABLETS
THE SOAP FOR HOT WATER. THE SOAP FOR COLD WATER.

LAZENBY'S HARVEY'S SAUCE
PREPARED FROM THE ORIGINAL RECIPE BEARS THE WELL KNOWN LABEL
Signed Elizabeth Lazenby
LAZENBY'S PICKLES
LAZENBY'S SOUPS
LAZENBY'S SOUP SQUARES
LAZENBY'S TABLE JELLIES
LAZENBY'S POTTED MEATS
LAZENBY'S BAKING POWDER

OUR NEW ONE-OUNCE TINS ARE NOW ON SALE.
SWEET AND COOL. GALLAHER'S TWO FLAKES TOBACCO LOVELY AROMA.
THE KING OF PIPE TOBACCOS.
BLENDED FROM THE FINEST AMERICAN LEAF.
Owing to the numerous imitations of this excellent Tobacco, we recommend Smokers to see that they buy it in our 1, 2, and 4oz. decorated Tins, secured by Patent Band.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

"Cadbury's"
"The Typical Cocoa of English Manufacture, Absolutely Pure."
The Analyst.
NO CHEMICALS USED.
(As in many of the so-called Pure Foreign Cocoas.)

With VENUS SOAP for your Helpmate you will save Rubbing, have Clothes Whiter, and Home Brighter.
DIRT REMOVED QUICKLY AND NO CHAPPED HANDS.
NOT A RUB IN THE TUB.
VENUS SOAP DOES THE WORK-NOT YOU
A SPLENDID SOAP FOR THE BATH AND TOILET.
VENUS SOAP saves Hand Labour, Cleans Paint, Scrubs Floors, does any Household Washing quickly and effectually. MAKES LINENS SPOTLESSLY WHITE.
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS AND CO-OPERATIVE STORES.

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

LADIES OF ENGLAND
INCREASE YOUR BEAUTY!

If you desire a beautiful complexion, nothing can equal FERGUSON'S GLYCERINE BALM to enable you to obtain it. It is a superior and elegant preparation, and by its use the Skin is rendered Soft, Smooth, and White, however Rough, Red, or Chapped it may be, and all other blemishes caused by the Sun, Frost, Cold Winds, Hard Water, Sea Bathing, &c., and all susceptibility to Tan, Freckles, and Red Skin will be avoided.

FERGUSON'S COMPOUND GLYCERINE BALM

Has a reputation of 20 years—being used by all classes. It is sold in bottles at 1/- and 2/6 each by Chemists, Hairdressers, and Stores throughout the world, or either size will be sent, post free, to readers naming this paper, for 13 or 30 Stamps by the Sole Proprietor—

W. B. MASON, Wholesale Druggist, LEEDS.

IZAL Disinfectant

(Non-Poisonous)

Instantly Stops Infection

The Safest and Surest Protector against Fevers, Small-pox, Cholera, Diphtheria, and other Infectious Diseases. "The most powerful germ destroyer at present known to science." An entirely unique discovery, *not a coal-tar product.*

Instantly Stops Infection

Sinks, Traps, w.c.'s, Drains, &c., flushed at trifling cost, a 2s. 6d. bottle making 30 gallons of strong, reliable disinfectant. "Izal" possesses far greater germ-destroying power than pure carbolic acid, mixes more readily with water, and is entirely free from the dangers and objections of carbolics.

Instantly Stops Infection

Sold in Bottles, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d., and in Gallon Tins, 10s. A sample bottle or tin sent carriage paid in the United Kingdom for postal order.

Izal Toilet Soap—*Of Chemists, Grocers, Oilmen, &c., 1s. 6d. per box, promotes healthy skin, and relieves Eczema.* **Izal Medical Soap**—2s. *per box, a powerful agent in the treatment of Skin Diseases.* **Izal Embrocation**—*For sprains and bruises; powerfully antiseptic, and quickly relieves any unusual muscular strain. For domestic use, 1s. 1½d. a bottle; for veterinary use, 2s.* **Izal Household Laundry Soap**—*4d. per lb., splendid for Laundry and Scouring. The best for hard water.* **Izal Soft Soap**—*Free from caustic alkali, and is a powerful disinfectant; tins, 1lb., 6d.; 2lb., 10d.; 3lb., 1s.* **Izal Cream**—*1s. Tubes, very convenient antiseptic, in emollient form, for the Skin.* **Izal Ointment**—*1s. 1½d. per pot, excellent for Burns, Scalds, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, &c.* **Izal Tooth Powder**—*1s. per box, most useful for teeth and gums.* **Izal Lozenges**—*1s. 1½d. a box, admirable for Sore Throat, and useful preventive of infection.* **Izal Smelling Salts**—*Cure and relieve Influenza, Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Faintness, &c., great protection against infection, 1s. 1½d.*

SOLE MANUFACTURERS—

NEWTON, CHAMBERS & Co., Ld.,

Thorncliffe, Sheffield; 50a, Lord Street, Liverpool; and Grosvenor Buildings, Deansgate, Manchester.

HEART DISEASE.

It is astonishing how many people imagine they suffer from HEART DISEASE. They experience a depressing feeling about the region of the Heart, accompanied by an occasional stab of pain, nervous debility, loss of appetite, and general depression. The fact is they suffer from

INDIGESTION

OR DYSPEPSIA. The food, instead of being thoroughly digested, develops into Wind, and pressing against the valves of the heart, causes the symptoms named. All who suffer in this way should at once take

PAGE WOODCOCK'S WIND PILLS.

A world-renowned remedy for all Stomach disorders.

All sufferers from INDIGESTION, LIVER COMPLAINTS, WIND ON THE STOMACH, COSTIVENESS, SICK HEADACHE, NERVOUS DEBILITY, BILIOUSNESS, &c., should avail themselves of this most excellent medicine.

All Vendors, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.

H. SAMUEL'S MARVEL WATCH 10/6

Elegant and Serviceable; JEWELLED; beautifully engraved as shown. Perfect timekeepers. Delivered FREE AND SAFE to any address for 10/6. Send P.O. Order to-day with this announcement and a Lady's Beautiful Chain will be sent FREE with each. Full amount returned if dissatisfied. Over 1,500 STARTLING BARGAINS are illustrated in H. Samuel's New Pictorial Catalogue. Real Gold Brooches, 2/6; Real Gold Scarfpins, 1/6; Albert Chains from 1/-. Splendid designs. HUNDREDS of amazing testimonials. Finest Electro Silver Plate and Cutlery, at FIRST COST. First Quality Clocks, &c., at WHOLESALE PRICES. Solid Sterling Silver "ACME" Watches (ladies' and gentlemen's); worth 3 guineas, H. Samuel's price 25/-. A FIVE YEARS' WARRANTY and a MONTH'S FREE TRIAL allowed. A HANDSOME PRIZE FREE with each. Particulars and Price List sent with H. Samuel's Interesting Catalogue, GRATIS and POST FREE to any address. Don't waste money on worthless imitations. Be sure to SEND TO H. SAMUEL direct, and enclose this announcement. from the PEARSON'S WEEKLY

Size smaller if desired.

H. SAMUEL, Largest English Watch Manufacturer, 97, 99, 101, 83, & 121, Market St., MANCHESTER.

LADIES' COSTUMES 10/6

Post Free

S. M. Co's Regd. Design.

Made from our noted Avondale Cheviot Serge, in the Improved Scarborough Shape, Fast in Colour, very strong and durable, and highly recommended for hard wear.

In Navy, Grenat, Brown, Tan, Myrtle, Grey, and Black. Also made in Covert Coating and Costume Tweeds.

Price only— **10/6** Carriage Free in Great Britain.

The New Scarboro' Costume consists of full pleated front, with pointed Yoke at the back, with turn-down or stand-up Collar, with fashionable full sleeves. Yoke and Sleeves well lined, bound seams. Collar and Cuffs with Bolt plain stitched.

Fashionable Tailor-made Skirt, with deep hem of own material, and five rows of plain stitching.

The Costume is guaranteed to be thoroughly well made and finished. We have received thousands of Testimonials from all parts of the world. Every purchaser surprised and delighted. A perfect wonder at the price. In ordering please state length of Skirt in front, and size of waist, and bust measure under arms. The Costume can be packed in a strong leather board box for 6d. extra.

TRY OUR GIRLS'

"ELSIE AVONDALE" CHEVIOT SERGE FROCKS.

Trimmed Black or Cream Braid.

Sizes ...	21	24	27	30	33	36	39	42	inches.
Price ...	1/9	2/3	2/9	3/3	3/9	4/3	4/9	5/3	each.

The measurements stated are from the shoulder seam to the bottom of dress.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Ladies' Tailor-made Avondale Cheviot Serge Dress Skirts, fashionable shape, with deep hem of own material and five rows of plain stitching, price only 5/9 each, post free. In ordering please state waist measure, and length of skirt in front.

Our 10/11 COSTUME with OPEN COAT is WONDERFUL VALUE.

FREE GIFTS! FREE GIFTS! FREE GIFTS! are given with all orders of 20s. and over.

Write for our Illustrated Price Lists and Patterns, sent post free on application to the

Shakespeare Manufacturing Co. (Dept. 41), 1, Milk Street, Manchester.

THE

HI-JEN-IK BRACE

(PATENTED)

is the simplest and most comfortable brace ever invented. All the parts working on pivots, it adapts itself to every movement of the body. It is worn by the leading athletes of the world.

Testimonial from Sir HENRY IRVING, Lyceum Theatre, May 28th, 189-. Dear Sir,—I think the Braces you have been good enough to send me are excellent, and I wish to order half-a-dozen pairs.—Faithfully yours, HENRY IRVING.

A PERFECT BRACE AT LAST.

No complications of Cords and Pulleys.

Agents: Bradford: Jacksons, Ltd., Albert Buildings, Manchester Road. Leeds: A. Tomalin, Boar Lane.

From whom they can be had at 1/-, 1/6, 2/6, and upwards, per pair. By post 2d. extra.

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Economy Press Co., 342g, Strand, London

TENTS! TENTS!! TENTS!!!

Suitable for Gardens, Cricket, or Camping-out purposes, 40 feet in circumference, pure linen, with pegs, poles, and lines complete. These tents are white, and have only been used a little by Her Majesty's Government, and cost over £6 each. I will send one complete for 30s. Can be sent on approval.—HENRY J. GASSON, Government Contractor, Rye, Sussex.

D'ALMAINE'S

SALE OF

PIANOS From 7 Guineas upwards. **ORGANS**

Story & Clark, Bell, Smith, and D'Almaine's from 5½ guineas. Ten years' warranty, easy terms, packing and carriage free on approval. D'ALMAINE (Est. 110 years), 91, Finsbury Pavement, City.

"JUNO" CYCLES Are the Very Best

JUNO Safeties Roadsters 25 lbs.; Racers, 21 lbs. JUNO Lady's Safety and Youth's Safety. Send at once for JUNO Catalogue, sent post free to any part of the world, interesting and valuable to all. METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS' CO., LTD., 75 & 76, Bishopsgate Without, London, E.C.—*N.B.—Every JUNO Guaranteed.*

MENTION PAPER.

"MOONLIGHT" VAPOUR LAMP.

(Patent.)

No Oil! No Dirt!! No Smell!!!

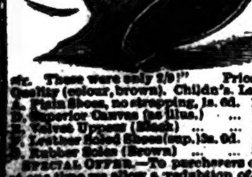
1. Instantaneous Lighting.
2. No Wick Trimming.
3. Light given beats Gas.

Prices—5/-, 7/6, 10/-, 12/6, 15/-, and 17/6, post free 6d. extra.

OTHER PATTERNS.—Night, Carriage, Piano Lamps, &c. Illustrated Catalogues, free to readers of *Pearson's Weekly* from

Moonlight Lamp Co., Liverpool.

COMFORTABLE? WELL, RATHER!!



"Look nice, don't they? Comfortable, do you ask? Well, RATHER. My feet never feel such rest as when they're snuggled into my Jute-soled Canvas Shoes. The price? You'd never think it, sir. These were only 2/9!"

Prices (post free). Quality (colour, brown).

	Childn's.	Ladies'.	Gent's.
A. Plain Shoes, no strapping, 1s. 6d.	1s. 9d.	2s. 6d.
B. Superior Canvas (as illus.) ...	2s. 6d.	2s. 9d.
C. Velvet Uppers (Black) ...	2s. 6d.	3s. 3d.
D. Leather Soled Shoes (sup.) 2s. 6d.	4s. 6d.	4s. 6d.
E. Rubber Soles (Brown)	2s. 6d.	3s. 9d.

SPECIAL OFFER.—To purchasers of three pairs at one time we allow a reduction of 3d. per pair. Patent Canvas Shoe Co., 16N, Bath St., Glasgow.

GIVEN AWAY VALUE 10s. — Why buy Trousers? Every Garment Tailor-made.

Write to us for patterns of our wonderful Serge and Tweed Suits to measure at 30s. The cheapest on earth.

We will also present FREE OF CHARGE to every purchaser of Suit one pair of our celebrated Trousers, value 10s.

Our New Spring Patterns are now ready, largest selection in the world to choose from.

WRITE TO-DAY for price lists, patterns, press notices, and testimonials free.

We return your money in full if our goods do not please.

Agents wanted. Terms and appointment by letter. THE

NEW MANUFACTURING COMPANY, YATE, Gloucestershire.

BLUSHING AND FLUSHING.

These distressing complaints positively and permanently cured. Practical treatise showing the causes, symptoms, and only rational treatment, post free three stamps.

Prof. C. S. KENDAL, 3, Chapel Place, Cavendish Square, London, W.

ISLE OF MAN.

Most Popular Resort in the Kingdom.

Yachting, Rowing; River, Bay, and Deep-sea Fishing; Bathing, Coaching, Cycling, Golfing, Tennis, Cricketing, and Mountaineering. Guides, map, hotel and boarding-house lists, sent free by Mr. T. KEIG, 5, Athol Street, Douglas, Man; or 27, Imperial Buildings, London, E.C.

Save 30 per cent. on your Clothing.

SEND TO-DAY TO

THE LIMERICK CLOTHING FACTORY (Ltd.),

For a Free Set of Samples. And Instructions for Self-Measuring.

SUITS From 24s. 6d.

IRISH TWEEDS GIVE THE MOST WEAR.

All Goods Carriage Paid. Fit Guaranteed or Money Returned. Bankers: Bank of Ireland. Please mention this paper.

THE LIMERICK CLOTHING FACTORY Ltd., LIMERICK.

MEASURE YOURSELF.

Trousers 7/6

PER PAIR.

WEST-END CUT AND STYLE. In Tweeds and Serges.

NEW SPRING PATTERNS.

SUITS To Measure, **27/6**

DRESS SUIT To Measure, **40/-**

Special purchasings of High-class Trousers (to measure) **10/-**

Write or call to-day for

POST-FREE PATTERNS

And Self-Measurement Forms sent anywhere.

White Flannel Trousers (to measure) **5/11**
Also Stripes and Checks in a variety of Colours.

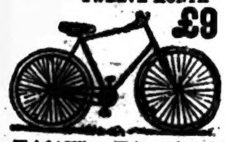
Cycling Stockings **1/3**
Send size of feet with order. Postage 3d.

The "MARVEL" SWEATER, **2/3** In Grey, with Collar.

THE "OXFORD" HIGH-CLASS CYCLES.

GUARANTEED FOR TWELVE MONTH

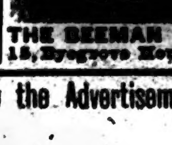
£9



Weight 28lbs. This year's make. All parts "up-to-date," finished in best style. Pneumatic Tyres. Easy terms arranged. ACCESSORIES at LOWEST PRICES. *Write for List.*

THOMPSON BROS., LTD., 3, Oxford St. (Corner of Charing X Rd), London, W.

BEEMAN'S THE ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.



A DELICIOUS AND LASTING CONFECTION.

CURES INDIGESTION and seasickness. Put up in 1d. and 2½d. packages. If you cannot obtain it of dealers, send stamps for sample package, adding 1d. extra to cover postage to

THE BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 15, Eyegrove House, Merton, Surrey.

30 YEARS' SUCCESS AMONG THE DEAF.

The Rev. E. J. SILVERTON, Specialist, of Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, will be happy to send his book on the Ear, "How to Cure without the Use of Instruments or Operation." Price 3d. Sufferers from Deafness, Noises, or Discharges in the Ear should obtain this work, or write or call at the Consulting Rooms. Free Consultations daily, from 11 till 4. (Saturdays, 11 till 1.) Wonderful cases:—A person cured after 40 years' deafness, and one at the age of 90. A gentleman after 17 years' deafness cured. A remarkable case of a lady at *Lincoln*, substantiated by a Clergyman. Addresses on application. All communications as above.

INVENTORS

An invention protected for £1. Handbook "How to Patent an Invention," giving full particulars, forms, &c., free from HUGHES & YOUNG, "Patent Editors" to the principal newspapers, 23, Coleman Street, London, E.C. Established 1829. Inventors assisted in working or selling inventions. Read "Patents."

STAMPS.

Stamp Albums and Philatelic requisites of every description.

Write for Catalogue, inclosing penny stamp for postage, and mention *Pearson's Weekly.*

WHITFIELD KING & CO., IPSWICH.

(Established 1869.)

RED NOSES

PERMANENTLY CURED IN A FEW DAYS.

Treatise and full particulars post free, two stamps. Prof. C. T. DUNCAN, 39, Baker Street, London, W.

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 259.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JULY 6, 1895. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ALWAYS THE SAME TO MOTHER.

A PALE face, through teardrops still tenderly smiling,
The face of my mother—I see it to-day,
As clearly as when from the home of my boyhood,
On a long vanished morning our ship sailed away;
At that moment of parting, our first and our latest,
These were the words that she whispered to me:
"Oh, remember, dear boy, to the heart of your mother
You're always the baby who sat on her knee."

Years have rolled by since that day of our parting,
Much in life's game I have lost and have won,
Friends I have found, but none ever so faithful,
Loving, and true as that earliest one.
And I know that though sadly the ship of my fortune's
Tossed to and fro on life's turbulent sea,
That in Heaven afar still the heart of the mother
Doth yearn for the child she once held on her knee.

And friends, wheresoever life's journey may lead you,
To honour and fame, or to shame and regret,
There is one star whose brightness will never grow dimmer,
There is one living soul that will never forget.
Though placed where misfortune or sorrow may reach you,
Or outcast and spurned by the cold world's decree,
Yet remember, dear boy, to the heart of your mother
You're always the child she once held on her knee.

THE FORGOTTEN LETTER.

IT was on the sailing day of one of the big Cunard liners.

The usual tears had been shed, the usual farewells had been spoken, and slowly the giant vessel began to move through the water.

Then, as is quite customary, those upon the tender and the voyagers upon the boat began to remember things that they ought to have said before, and howl the same across the rapidly widening stretch of water.

On the tender stood a tall, spare woman, who had been industriously waving a pale blue handkerchief.

"O—o—o—o, Henry!" she suddenly shrieked to a stout little man on the rear deck, who had been waving a second blue handkerchief back at her, "did you post that letter?"

"N—o—o," howled the stout little man in reply, "I'll post it in New York."

"Never mind, Henry," responded the other, "it was only to the butcher, tellin' him never to send up another steak like the last one."

SHOP-LIFTING EXTRAORDINARY.

A WELL-DRESSED woman lately entered a Paris jeweller's shop and asked to see some valuable gold pins. While she was examining them a man began playing a barrel organ before the door. The music seemed to annoy the lady, and, stepping to the door, she threw a piece of money to the man and told him to go away, which he did at once.

On returning to the counter she said that none of the pins suited her, but that as some compensation for the trouble she had given, she would buy a brooch. She accordingly chose one, paid ten francs for it, and was leaving the shop when the jeweller missed a diamond pin of great value from among those she had been examining.

He accordingly stopped his customer, who seemed highly indignant, and insisted on the jeweller's wife searching her, which was done, but no pin was found. The jeweller sent his sister to watch the woman, who was seen to enter another jeweller's shop, and was pretending to make a purchase when the organ grinder made his appearance.

As soon as he began playing she again threw him some money and ordered him to move on, but the person who was watching her perceived that with the money she had given the man a piece of jewellery.

This was at once made known to the police, who arrested both and found on the man several articles of stolen jewellery.

NOT THE PLACE FOR YOUR BABY.

THE dangerous practice of cyclists carrying children on the front part of their machines is to be strongly deprecated. It is fraught with the greatest danger to the little ones so placed. But what makes it still more deplorable is that the chief delinquents are fond fathers, who are under the impression they are giving their offspring a delightful treat.

If the child loses his footing, or if the rests give way, his little legs will in all likelihood be amputated by the spokes, and his body otherwise mutilated.

Cycling is at no time altogether free from peril, and the danger is increased ten-fold when the rider is self-handicapped in the manner referred to. During my cycling career I have had two machines spoilt—in the one case being run into, in the other by a runaway horse going over it. On this latter occasion I just managed to save my life by dismounting on the off-side. Had a child been riding in front of my bicycle when either of these accidents occurred, its life would most probably have been sacrificed.

A LIVING GRAVEYARD.

THE following incident occurred in a New Zealand law court:

The dispute was between two Maoris, one a young man, and the other an old chief. The young man claimed a piece of land, which was in possession of the old fellow.

The plaintiff made an impassioned appeal to the judge, concluding with the demand that he should have back the land where his father, mother, and ancestors were buried, etc., etc.

The old chief then got up, and, with a look of supreme contempt for his opponent, exclaimed:

"Your ancestors buried, indeed. You fool! Many years ago I killed your grandfather and ate him; afterwards I killed your father and mother and ate them, and"—as he gently tapped his stomach—"here they were buried, and if the white men were not here I would bury you in the same cemetery."

The young fellow never again referred to his ancestors, while the old gentleman afterwards went by the name of the "graveyard."

SWISS WATCH SCHOOLS.

THE famous Swiss watch schools are the most exacting industrial institutions in the world. Their methods, which are doubtless the secret of their success, are very curious and interesting. In one of the most celebrated of these institutions in Geneva, for example, a boy must first of all be at least fourteen years of age in order to enter.

After being admitted the student is first introduced to a wood-turning lathe, and put to work at turning tool handles. This exercise lasts for several weeks, according to the beginner's aptitude. This is followed by exercises in filing and shaping screw-drivers and small tools. In this way he learns to make for himself a fairly complete set of tools.

He next undertakes to make a large wooden pattern of a watch frame perhaps a foot in diameter, and, after learning how this frame is to be shaped, he is given a ready-cut one of brass of the ordinary size, in which he is taught to drill holes for the wheels and screws. Throughout this instruction the master stands over the pupil, directing him with the greatest care.

The pupil is next taught to finish the frame so that it will be ready to receive the wheels. He is then instructed to make fine tools and to become expert in handling them.

This completes the instruction in the first room, and the young watchmaker next passes to the department where he is taught to fit the stem-winding parts and to do fine cutting and filing by hand.

Later on he learns to make the more complex watches, which will strike the hour, minute, etc., and the other delicate mechanisms for which the Swiss are famous.

DEAD IVORY.

NOTHING that comes out of Africa, except diamonds and gold, is so much sought for as ivory. For many centuries hundreds of elephants have been wandering through the forests of Africa. They are a favourite prey of lions, and, of course, when their flesh is devoured their tusks and skeletons are left on the ground. For ages the natives have undoubtedly killed elephants for food, as they do to-day, and the ivory, having no value to them, was left where the animals fell.

Only a few years ago not one Upper Congo elephant-hunter in a hundred attached any value whatever to the tusks, and most of the dwarfs, who are the best native hunters, have no idea that ivory is worth lifting from the ground. Then, of course, many of the animals die a natural death, and their flesh is devoured by wild beasts, and their bones and tusks lie where the elephant breathed his last.

A great many of the elephants that meet their death naturally or are the prey of wild beasts or of natives who care nothing for their tusks, leave their bones and ivory in that wide tropical belt of prolific vegetation where the grass grows from four to six feet high. Every year, in May and June, this tall grass becomes dry and yellow, and in the two succeeding months the natives kindle those great fires that blaze all over tropical Africa. It is easy, with intense heat, to destroy every quality that gives value to ivory. One such fire half calcines the thickest tusk, and the next year's blaze completes the work of destruction.

Often the animal falls in a region which in the rainy season is turned into a swamp. The heavier part of the tusks, detached from the skull, sinks into the mud, and is completely embedded in the soil, leaving a foot or two of the ends in the air. These are destroyed by the succeeding fires, but on many occasions the underground portions have been dug up in fairly good condition.

The lion often waits for his prey at places on the banks of streams, where elephants resort for water; and, after wild beasts have picked the bones clean, the heads and tusks sometimes slip down into the stream and are lost to view. This, at least, is the only explanation that has been offered for the fact that in regions where ivory has had no commercial value, the skeletons of elephants without the heads and tusks have been found on river banks.

Thousands of elephants wander, also, in damp and gloomy forests, where grass fires never penetrate, and the soil is spongy with moisture and decaying vegetation. When the animal seeks his fate in these hot and steaming regions, falling leaves soon spread a thick cover over his bones and hasten their decay. There is no doubt that the tusks are long preserved in good condition, but they are beyond the reach of the most eager ivory hunter.

"DID you scribble that on the fence, Tommy?"

"Me?" said Tommy, contemptuously; "do you think I'd use chalk on a fence when I've got a knife?"

MISTRESS (engaging new maid): "And I trust, Mary Ann, that you haven't a weakness for policemen?"

New Maid: "Can't abide 'em, mum. Father was a Socialist."

HE (indignantly): "Those insulting vergers put us into a back pew."

She (calmly as a quiescent volcano); "They probably noticed that I wore a bonnet which I wouldn't care to have seen."

THEY are telling a funny story about two actors, one of whom is a great believer in his powers as a pantomimist. He was explaining to his friend that he could express anything without saying a word.

"Nonsense," said his sceptical friend.

"It's a fact; watch me," replied the pantomimist, and he went through some motions and made a few faces, while the other mummer man eyed him intently.

"How was that?" he asked.

"Great!" was the enthusiastic response.

"Did you understand me?"

"Perfectly. I'll join you with pleasure."

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PEARSON'S WEEKLY has been paying insurance money at the rate of more than two pounds a day from the first day of its existence.

By Joan Barrett.

INTRODUCTION.

The Dead Man's Shoes Club consists of seven members, each of whom pays £1,000 on admittance, the total sum, with interest accruing, to go to the last survivor. Ximines Pamendez, one of the seven, is overcome by greed for this money, and compasses the death of George Pallister, a fellow-member. Then he succeeds in making Captain Clive Chichester resign his share. He kills Gregory [illegible]. He prevails upon Mrs. Massenger to kill her husband, leaving only himself and two others in the club.

No. V.

Part I.

"Every person is mad on a certain point," said Ximines Pamendez, lightly.

His companion, Ralph Burnett, a keen-eyed, grey-headed man of sixty, knocked the ash from his cigar with a movement that was full of impatience.

"There are some forms of madness that are respectable," he retorted; "and I can make allowances for the man whose particular craze injures or affects no other individual but himself; yes, sir. But to deliberately and systematically make it a rule to overlook grave offences in one's servants; to turn the other way when one is being robbed and plundered by dishonest employés, and to make excuses for men whose flagrant conduct necessitates restraint being placed upon them. I tell you candidly, Mr. Pamendez, I have no patience with Halifax, no patience at all, sir!"

Burnett's long upper lip seemed to increase in length as he spoke, and the hard expression in his cold, grey eyes boded ill for any servant in his employ whose delinquencies might be brought under his observation.

"Robbed right and left," he continued; "and his daughter caring nothing about the manner in which the money is spent, so long as *her* expenditure is not restricted. All the minx thinks of is the latest fashion in bonnets, and dancing, and novel reading!" He paused a moment, and ran his fingers through his scanty grey hair. "She is very young, and no doubt will alter for the better when she is married," he added, half apologetically, and as though he felt remorseful for his criticisms of pretty, frivolous Rose Halifax.

"I heard," said Pamendez, "that Miss Halifax is engaged to your son."

Burnett nodded, stretching out his long legs. "You see," he said, between energetic puffs at his cigar, "when Halifax went over to Russia about fifteen years ago, Rose was only a mite about so high." He raised his hand a few inches above the floor, thus signifying that in the days to which he referred Miss Halifax's proportions had been extremely dwarfish. "Her mother's death seemed to upset Halifax altogether, and so, as he is a good linguist, and speaks Russian like a native, I induced him to go over and buy up tallow and skins. That was our trade then, sir, and pretty remunerative we found it, too. Rose used to spend her holidays with my wife and the children, and that was how this attachment grew between my boy and Halifax's girl. She's a good girl at heart," he added, "only it's rather difficult to get at sometimes. She's buried it up so in silks and laces and frippery."

Pamendez refilled his companion's glass. He had given Burnett an exceedingly good dinner, with plenty of wine, and the old man's tongue was at length becoming more glib. As Burnett held his glass up to the light that fell from the shaded candles upon the table, Pamendez was asking himself if the payment for the dinner, the wines, and the weariness caused by listening for the last two hours to the past and present prices of skins and Russian tallow was at length to be meted out to him.

"Mr. Halifax has spent a good many years in Russia, I believe," he observed, as he carefully replaced the cobwebbed decked bottle by his side.

Burnett sipped his wine, chewing it with the air of a man who understood its value.

"Fifteen years," he replied, "and he doesn't want to go again. Would you believe it, Mr. Pamendez, that I never had a line from my partner for *ten years!* Never one word, sir, and I knew no more about him than if I had not joined in partnership with him."

The generous juice of the grape was rapidly melting his former reserve. He slapped his knee impressively.

"*Ten years!*" repeated Pamendez. "*Ten years!*" In pure absent-mindedness he traced the figure 10, with a pencil upon the white table-cloth.

"Yes, sir, that partner of mine was dead to me and to all his friends in England for ten years. But he made up for his silence. The firm of Burnett and Halifax has never put a finer cargo of skins in the market, than the lot that Halifax sent over just two years ago. A richer and a thicker quality of sables and bears I've never set eyes on. They came just at the right moment, too, and we turned a good lump sum on them."

"You must have felt very anxious about the safety of Mr. Halifax," said Pamendez. "Ten years is a good slice out of a man's life."

"Well, we felt pretty worried about him, that I'll admit," answered Burnett. "But when a man goes wandering about in the wilds of Siberia, his family don't expect to get a letter from him by every post in the day. No, sir!"

The polish that had distinguished the trader's manners when he first sat down at Pamendez's table was disappearing. He no longer selected his words, or thought out his sentences before uttering them, and Mr. Lindley Murray would have been justified in calling Burnett's attention to his grammatical rules for conversation.

"Wandering about the wilds of Siberia!" exclaimed Pamendez. "But surely, Mr. Halifax was not searching for skins all that time?"

"So he says, sir, and as *I* say, a finer lot I've never seen than the consignment he sent over."

"It was strange, too, that, having but one child, Mr. Halifax never interested himself in her welfare——"

"He knew he could rely upon me, sir," interrupted Burnett, flourishing his hand. "Me, sir! Why, he'd not only left his little girl in my charge, but I'd all his capital, too. And well I worked it, though I say it my own self. I treated my partner, sir, as honest as I treated myself, and no man can do more than that. My partner goes away, leaving about eight to nine thousand invested in my hands, and he comes back to find his daughter an heiress and himself a made man for life."

Pamendez bit his moustache. Was this all the information respecting the long, strange silence of James Halifax that he was to obtain that evening?

"My motto is 'honest as the day,' sir, and I expect every man to deal with me in the same way."

"I suppose," ventured Pamendez, bending forward and looking the half-intoxicated man almost sternly in the eyes, "that you yourself entertain no doubts about your partner's honesty? You really believe that during the fifteen years of his absence he was working for you—even as you were working for him?"

Burnett started and laughed hoarsely.

"When a rough fellow like me takes a gentleman for his partner, and that partner's got the bigger half of the capital, the safest way is to ask as few questions as possible, and to take one's partner at his word," said he. "I'm as honest as the day——"

"Your honesty is well known all over London," Pamendez interrupted. "Did Mr. Halifax never mention the names of the different parts of Russia that he visited in search for skins?"

"Oh, he mentioned 'em right enough," Burnett cried, rubbing his head. "But I've no memory for them outlandish names. They don't stick in my head, as you may say." He paused a moment, and drained the glass that Pamendez had just refilled. "He's not a chatty man, my partner," he resumed in a thick tone. "Never wants to talk about his travels, and the sights he's seen. Rose used to worry him a bit at first, wanting to know what the Russian ladies were like, and so on, but she soon dropped it. The only time I've ever seen him really angry with her was when she said that anyone 'ud think he'd been shut up in a prison all that time. Halifax got furious with the girl. Now, I've my own opinions about things," whispered Burnett, mysteriously. "I often think that there was a lady in the case."

Pamendez's eyes were partly closed. He opened them sharply, glanced at Burnett's inflamed face, and closed them again without speaking.

"Though why he should come home so crushed and miserable looking is more than I can explain," Burnett continued, speaking more to himself than to his companion. "If he'd been under a flat-iron all the time he couldn't be more down in the mouth. He went away a sprightly young chap, looking younger than his thirty years, and he returns with the white hairs and the bowed back of a man of eighty—*and* wrinkled!"

Pamendez passed his hand over his face, as though he were feeling for the many lines that the past fifteen years had left in his own skin.

"You think there was a lady in the case, do you, Mr. Burnett?" he said, in a jocular tone. "What leads you to form that opinion?"

Burnett assumed an air of wisdom.

"When a man stays away like that," he observed, "and gets cranks, such as he never had before, there's generally a woman at the bottom to account for it. That's all I go by. Halifax has never mentioned anything to me, you know. No, sir, it's merely my own idea."

A clock somewhere in the room struck twelve. Burnett rose to his feet unsteadily.

"You'll come round and dine with me, Mr. Pamendez," he said. "I'll take no refusal, sir. Wednesday night, at seven, if you please."

Pamendez accompanied his visitor to the door, and saw him into a cab. The Armenian's face was dark when he returned to his room.

"I'll dine with Burnett," he said to himself. "And I'll call upon Halifax to-morrow. Burnett must have papers, invoices or letters that he has received from Halifax before and after his disappearance of ten years. I must find out the name of the town in Russia where Halifax was last heard of, before his strange silence began, and I must set a detective to work in order to discover the cause of that silence." He opened a bureau, took out the sandal wood box, and looked at the book that contained the names of the members who formed the Dead Men's Shoes Lottery. A pen had been drawn through four of the signatures. The names of James Halifax, John Gaunt, and Ximines Pamendez alone remained.

As Pamendez bent over the book the expression in his narrow eyes was that of a ravenous wolf nearing the prey which was not yet in his power to devour.

"Before many months have passed," said he, closing the book, "John Gaunt and I will have to fight for the fourteen thousand pounds."

It was evident to him that James Halifax had already ceased to exist. The man whose long absence had caused Pamendez so many wakeful, anxious nights, was no longer to be feared. His return to England had sealed his doom.

Part II.

James Halifax sat alone in his study and listened to the furious wind that seemed to take a cruel pleasure in slapping the tender branches of a young creeper against the window-panes. Occasionally a fierce gust dashed the rain upon the roof of a conservatory adjoining. Little puffs of smoke rushed out into the room, and from time to time the ... happiness.

Perhaps, as his sunken eyes stared vacantly at the fire, he was wondering what had become of the James Halifax who, sixteen years ago, had been a merry, light-hearted chap, and who certainly bore no resemblance to himself. He remembered many incidents in the life of the dead James Halifax, which proved that individual to have been an exceptionally happy person, whose cares had been few, and whose capacity for enjoyment had been very wide and large.

Indeed, as he looked back now, it appeared to him that the dead James Halifax had experienced but one sorrow during the thirty years of his existence—the death of Rose's mother.

Rose! Ah, she had changed almost as greatly as he himself had! In Burnett's care he had left a winsome little maiden of six, whose heart in those days had been much too big for its tiny body, and whose one idol, beloved and worshipped far above dolls and a certain shaggy pony, had been "little papa."

Little papa, the dolls, and the pony had no longer a place in Rose's heart. She had abandoned them with her short frocks, and all that now remained of the child-daughter as Halifax remembered her was a pair of beautiful, capricious, violet eyes, and hair whose silken meshes seemed to have imprisoned the dancing rays of the golden sunbeams.

Sometimes it seemed to the father, hungry for a word or a glance of affection, that this disdainful young woman, whose coldness so often wrung his heart, could not be his child. Would not a daughter have thrown her arms around his neck, pressing loving lips to his, divining the sick sadness of his heart, and seeking to comfort and soothe the pain that filled it?

Rose thought solely of herself. Even her lover was a very secondary person in her estimation, and for the kind, old people whose indulgence was, perhaps, the cause of this selfishness she had nothing but good-natured tolerance and contempt. She had insisted upon leaving the Burnett's upon her father's return. The simple habits of her father's partner wearied her, his outspoken criticism of her conduct annoyed her. And the fact that he lived in an unfashionable part of London told also against him. She left the home that had been her's for fifteen years without expressing regret, honest in her delight at becoming the mistress of a luxuriously-appointed house and many servants.

To her, the father who had returned from his long and mysterious wanderings in the wilds of Russia was merely a stranger. She was grateful for his return because it gave her full and complete liberty to gratify every caprice that her idle brain and empty heart craved. In his absence Rose had felt herself to be a poor, powerless little nobody. She had accepted young Burnett for her future husband because the fact of her being engaged to be married made her feel more important, and also because she liked to wear a fine diamond ring.

James Halifax did not wonder sometimes at his daughter's coldness. He himself so often experienced an odd feeling of constraint in her presence that might easily be mistaken by Rose for chill indifference. He found himself ill at ease and uncomfortable beneath the quiet scrutiny of her violet eyes. As his partner Burnett had told Pamendez, Rose's heart was exceedingly difficult to find hidden away under its crust of frivolity.

He drew his chair still nearer to the fire and stretched out his thin hands to the cheerful blaze. A presentiment of fast approaching evil weighed upon him. A nameless dread crushed his spirit.

Somewhere in the quiet house he heard the sharp ring of a bell, and the next moment a servant came quietly into the room followed by Pamendez.

Visitors expressly for James Halifax were rare. He had not met the Armenian since his return from Russia, and there was surprise and anticipation in his greeting. But Pamendez did not appear to notice James Halifax's outstretched hand. He looked grave and slightly embarrassed as he took a seat facing the man he had at one time called his friend.

"Mr. Halifax," he said, in a low tone, "my visit to you is not upon a pleasant errand. I hardly know how to put it into words that shall not offend you." He drew a letter from his pocket and handed it to Halifax. "This communication received by me this morning will explain matters far better than I can," he added.

Halifax took the letter and glanced at the envelope. It bore a Russian stamp, and had been posted in the city of St. Petersburg. His pale face grew grey; his fingers shook as they drew out the sheet of paper. "It has come at last," he said to himself. A queer mist swam before his eyes. He took up his spectacles, polished them with the corner of a silk handkerchief, placed them with minute care upon his nose, and slowly proceeded to read.

Pamendez watched him furtively. He himself was ill at ease as he waited in silent dread for Halifax to speak.

Outside the storm was increasing in fury. The wild evening was lashing itself into a tempestuous night, and the rain came now in violent thuds against the windows.

Halifax read the letter to the end, folded it, and gave it back to Pamendez.

"Well," he said, "what do you intend to do?"

Pamendez started. He drew a long, low breath of relief, and the tension of his facial muscles suddenly relaxed. He had been horribly afraid, but at these few hoarse words his fear vanished completely.

"Do!" he repeated. "It is no question of action upon my part. If this story be true, it is you who must act, and speedily, too, if you wish to save yourself."

Halifax looked at him with the air of a man awaking from a long and troubled sleep.

"I brought you the letter," continued Pamendez,

With the above short introduction No. 5 of the great D. M. S. Lottery forms a complete story in itself of more than ordinary interest.

At that moment, and as though Fate had ordained its appearance, pretty Rose came airily into the room. She was dressed for a dance, and before leaving the house had come to her father to be admired.

Halifax's face grew terrible. Snatching the letter from Pamendez, he crushed it up in his hand, and threw it upon the fire. The leaping flames ignored it at first, then dancing coquettishly round it, they suddenly seized upon it, and soon left nothing of the mysterious communication but a stiff, black fragment of tinder.

Rose greeted Pamendez with a charming inclination of her dainty, flower-decked head, and approached her father.

"I've come to say good-night, papa," she said; "I shan't see you until the morning."

"Good-night," muttered Halifax, hoarsely.

She glanced at him in evident perplexity, her vanity wounded by the lack of admiration in his manner. Turning away with a pout, and a slight shrug of her shoulders, she had almost regained the door, when Halifax strode after her, and caught her almost savagely in his arms.

"Kiss me, Rose," he commanded. "Kiss me just as you used to kiss me, when you were a child, and I was your dear little papa."

The girl's dimpled face grew rigid with astonishment. Dismay quickly followed upon the first emotion. Halifax was crushing her head against his breast, utterly regardless of her elaborate arrangement of curls, coils, and flowers.

Rose drew herself abruptly away, crimson with mortification at being thus treated in the presence of a comparative stranger, and panting with anger at her father's odd behaviour towards herself and his treatment of her *coiffeur*.

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed, sharply. "What is the matter with you? How can you be so silly! Just look at my hair, and all my pretty flowers spoilt, too!"

Tears were shining in her eyes. Halifax drew back from her, with an odd expression in his pallid face.

"It was very clumsy of me to spoil your pretty flowers," he said, in a low voice. "Very clumsy indeed. But you can easily replace them, dear." He opened the door, standing ceremoniously aside to allow her to pass. "Good-bye, dearest," he said, in an infinitely tender tone. "Good-bye—until the morning."

Pamendez had risen from his seat. He had not missed one detail of the scene. As Halifax returned to the fireplace, the Armenian knew by the look in the man's eyes, that he had not misjudged James Halifax.

"Thank you for acquainting me with the contents of the letter," said Halifax, gently. "I am very glad that your friend remembered that I was known intimately to you. His communication has come in time to save my daughter's honour. She will never know that for ten years her father was a convict in the Siberian mines—she will never know it now!"

There was a mute question in his regard, and Pamendez, meeting it, turned his head away.

"That entirely depends upon you," said he. "If you allow your pursuers to re-capture you ——"

Halifax clenched his hands.

"Oh, God!" he exclaimed, "if only I could prove my innocence!"

A great dread leapt into life in Pamendez's cold eyes. Was James Halifax going to fight for life and liberty? Was it possible that he had misjudged this man's character, and the passionate love that he bore his daughter?

"The law of Russia condemned you to the Siberian mines for life!" said he, sternly. "In the eyes of all who know your miserable story you are a guilty man. Your failure to prove your innocence has damned you for ever in this world. Unless you prevent the police arresting you, Miss Halifax must suffer even more than you."

The door closed behind him. Out in the hall he paused to wipe the perspiration from his forehead. Hardened as he was, the look in James Halifax's face had unnerved him. It was such a look as a man condemned to death might cast upon his executioner. Pamendez's note-book contained a letter that had originally been inclosed in the envelope which he had given to Halifax. The letter that Halifax had read, had been written and substituted by Pamendez for the original. And this was what the real communication stated:

"I find that an Englishman, named Walter Bramer, was convicted thirteen years ago for the supposed murder of a bear-trapper. He was found guilty, and was sent to the mines. Quite recently a Russian peasant gave himself up for the murder of Paul Zassolitch, the bear-trapper. Walter Bramer, alias James Halifax, succeeded in escaping from the mines about three years ago. It is believed that he perished in the great forests."

With this knowledge searing his conscience, Ximines Pamendez passed out into the wild, gusty night, haunted by one more phantom.

Close to the handsome house that James Halifax had taken for Rose ran the railway. A signal-box, indeed, stood in the kitchen garden, and a high wall, masked by a hedge of shrubs, alone divided the grounds from the line itself.

A desperate man, wearied of living, and determined to put an end to his existence, would not have found it very difficult to get upon the lines. James Halifax discovered that it was quite easy.

"I would rather kill myself than return to the mines," he said to himself, as he stood between the metals waiting the approach of the fiery-eyed monster, whose black head was dimly visible in the distance. "And I am very tired and old, and Rose does not need me; if I had been necessary to her I might have struggled for liberty." The breath of the devouring monster was hot upon his face. "Rose! Rose!" he cried. Then the train dashed past, and Ximines Pamendez and John Gaunt alone were left to fight for the £14,000.

No. VI. next week.

The dies were made, and one coin was struck as a sample and sent to the Prince-President for approval. But some time passed before he examined it. When at last he gave it his attention he was annoyed to find that he had been represented on the coin with a "love lock," or hooked lock of hair, on the temple, which he did actually wear at that period, but which he thought unsuitable to so dignified and permanent a representation of himself as an effigy upon a coin.

The Prince-President sent for the director of the mint and ordered him to remove the "love lock." Then he found that his silence with regard to the piece had been taken for approval, and that the stamping of the coins had commenced.

The work was stopped, and the image deprived of its undignified lock, but the twenty-three coins that had already been struck off were not destroyed, and are now regarded as of great value.

A PLOT TO GET A SUPPER.

A CERTAIN magistrate was in the habit of affixing his signature to all sorts of papers without taking the trouble to examine them.

One winter evening, about six o'clock, our worthy magistrate was comfortably seated by the fireside, wrapped in a dressing gown, when a friend was announced.

"Ah! delighted to see you," he said to the visitor, as he entered the room.

Shortly after there was another ring at the door-bell. This time a couple of his old comrades came in together.

"You see, my dear B——," they both said, in one breath, "we are punctual to the time."

Just then three other friends were shown into the room, and thanked the magistrate for his kind invitation.

"Why, what is the meaning of all this?" exclaimed the latter, in utter bewilderment.

"You have invited us to supper, and here we are," cried the visitors in chorus. "We were certainly surprised at your sending us the invitation on stamped paper. Quite an original idea!"

Hereupon each produced a document of portentous dimensions, bearing a legal stamp and the signature of the magistrate. The documents, instead of representing writs or indictments, contained an invitation to supper, the menu of which, consisting of cold meats (readily obtainable), oysters, etc., was distinctly specified. A list of the wines to be drunk on the occasion was also given.

The magistrate had to give in. He had signed these documents along with the rest that were submitted to him from day to day. He behaved handsomely on this occasion, and the supper was a grand success. Since that time, however, he has been more careful.

MRS. JACKSON (at dinner): "Richard, will you ask a blessing?"

Richard (examining hash): "We've blessed everything here before, dear."

ARTIST: "I painted this picture, sir, to keep the wolf from the door."

Dealer (after inspecting it): "Well, hang it on the knob where the wolf can see it."

"AND I suppose, like a brave soldier, you followed your colours?"

"Yes; whenever there was a battle I noticed that the colours were flying, so I fled too."

WIFE (drearily): "Ah, me! the days of chivalry are past."

Husband: "What's the matter now?"

Wife: "Sir Walter Raleigh laid his cloak on the ground for Queen Elizabeth to walk over, but you get cross simply because poor, dear mother sat down on your hat."

THE other day we had a street collection in London on behalf of the FRESH AIR FUND. The snapshot fiend was there also.

Near-Sighted Party (to snapshot fiend, as he drops a coin in what he thinks the collecting box) "I beg your pardon; fact is, I mistook you for a collector."

TOMMY's mother had left him to entertain Johnnie, his younger brother, while she went out to do an hour's shopping. When she returned, Thomas was on hand with an important question:

"Does little boys about Johnnie's size, mamma, have hair on the inside of them?"

"Of course they don't," she exclaimed. "Why do you ask that?"

"Oh, nothin'," he said, starting off, "only I've wasted a bottle of hair oil in Johnnie."

which the second annual street collection was held in London on behalf of the FRESH AIR FUND. They all want to know—strangers who helped to swell the total; kind friends who gave their time and their services, and are anxious to hear with what result; and hosts of little children, waiting with bated breath because the longed-for holiday will depend upon the amount which the public have subscribed on their behalf. How much?

Long before the work of counting was finished it was known in the office that last year's total, large as it was, would be exceeded. Each box, as it was broken open and its contents scattered on the counter, seemed heavier and better filled than the one which went before. The work appeared interminable, and it was not until nearly midnight that the result was declared—£401 17s. 11d., by my troth, or enough to give the greatest of all pleasures and the keenest of all delights to 9,923 little children of the slums.

What a lot it sounds! 9,923 children. Put them all down on their backs on the grass, head to head and foot to foot, and they would cover five miles or more. To have thrilled that wriggling line from end to end with happiness, and filled it out with food, is not to have spent a day in vain. For once the streets of London must have been lined with gold.

Beggars, the well-worn adage says, cannot be choosers. But who would want to choose, when the day is delightfully fine and bright, and the sun shines down royally, putting everyone into the best of moods, a very important item, however good-natured you are, if you want to feel charitable when you have a little box shaken under your nose at every corner and receive the reproachful glances of dear people who refuse to believe that you have already emptied your pockets at the first application for so good a cause,

Altogether, there were 240 stations in different parts of the metropolis presided over by 530 ladies. I would that I could thank them adequately for their kindness in devoting a long day and a tiring day to the not altogether pleasant task of asking strangers for contributions towards a fund, the existence of which they may possibly be in ignorance of. But I know that they would rather that these expressions of gratitude, cordial and heartfelt as they must be, were left unsaid. It is the moment of joy for these 9,923 little children that they wait for, to feel that their efforts have realised the fulness of that highest ambition, which places the pleasure which it is possible to give to others at the head of all pleasures it is possible to bestow upon oneself.

In my own name, too, and on behalf of this little army of children provided with the promise of good things to come, I have to express my sincerest gratitude to the great outside public, known to me by their liberality alone, who have made this generous contribution of over £400 towards the Fresh Air Fund, which, by the way, now amounts to £1,662 (including *Home Notes* branch).

A very great part of this total, as often is the case, was contributed by the poor themselves. Perhaps this is in part, natural. The rich often do not and cannot realise what this cry for Fresh Air means. It is difficult to understand that what we have never wanted ourselves may be a necessity for someone else. One poor fellow, with a hungry face and tattered clothes, dropped a halfpenny into the box. "You should have more," he said, "but it's all I've got in the world." Even the flower girls in the streets had their contribution to make, and the men whose lives are spent earning a slender living on the curbstone. The generosity of Tommy Atkins, too, must not be forgotten. What good, kind-hearted fellows these soldiers are, to be sure.

The largest amount collected at any one station, was £32 12s. 6d., a sum which was charged the members of the Stock Exchange by Mrs. Pearson and Miss Sartori. The sudden demand for money had not been looked for in Throgmorton Street. The market opened active and high prices were well sustained throughout the day. These gentlemen are naturally interested in Funds, and Fresh Air shares met with immediate inquiry. By the courtesy of Sir Miles Fenton, an extra station was permitted inside the Charing Cross terminus, and the Misses Briden, who undertook the post, collected no less than £7 14s. 3d., the second highest total.

Altogether I have much to thank both those who gave and those who received, on this not to be forgotten fifteenth day of June.

A Mere Masquerader.

THIS is the title of the tenth novel in *Pearson's Library*. "A Mere Masquerader," published July 1, is a splendid story by MRS. GEORGE CORBETT, authoress of "A Child of the Sea," "The Mystery of Fellesmere," etc., etc. There are many full page illustrations, and the whole—over 220 pages—is to be bought for the ridiculously small charge of

SIXPENCE.

In the hurry of your engagements you have doubtless overlooked and forgotten as a trifle the small sum of ninepence for the F.A.F., but, as rivers are kept running by drops of FALLING DEW, it is necessary for the welfare of the F.A.F that the FALLING DEWS should come punctually to the fountain head. By dropping your DUE into the post-office for us you will oblige.

REPLIES.

2532. Which is the most Onerous Public Post Undertaken by an Individual without Payment?

The Premiership of the United Kingdom. The chief minister of the Crown is usually First Lord of the Treasury, and receives £5,000 a year as the salary attached to that office. But the First Lord of the Treasury earns his £5,000 a year, whether he is Premier or not. Thus, in the last Conservative administration, Mr. W. H. Smith and Mr. A. J. Balfour held successively the post of First Lord of the Treasury, yet they were not Premiers. The head of the Government was the Marquis of Salisbury, who was Foreign Secretary, and received only the £5,000 a year for a Secretary of State. It is, therefore, perfectly clear that the Premier, as such, is not paid for his services. The post of chief whip of one of the great political parties is scarcely less onerous than the premiership. Upon his energy, activity, and tact, the fate of administrations often depends. Yet there is no emolument attached to his office. If he belongs to the party in power he holds a subordinate post in the Government, and draws the stipend attached to it; but the chief whip of the Opposition does not receive a penny for his services.

2536. Which European Language has the Politest Form of Address?

Spanish. For the ordinary pronoun of the second person is substituted, in anything like formal speech, the elaborate phrase, "Vuestra Merced," which means "Your Grace" or "Your Honour." This is generally abbreviated into "Usted," and written "Vmd." Thus a friend with whom you are but slightly intimate will say to you, "How is your Grace, sir?" And the butcher will ask his customer, "Does your Grace want a leg of mutton, madam?" In most modern languages there are curious rules about the use of the second personal pronoun. In English the singular form of it is practically obsolete. In French and German it is only used as a mark of great intimacy. In Germany, indeed, not even the second person plural is used; the third person plural—spelt with a capital letter—takes its place.

2539. Is there any Bird that can Fly Backwards?

Mr. A. R. Wallace, speaking of the humming-bird, says: "The bird may be said to live in the air—an element in which it performs every kind of evolution with the utmost ease, frequently rising perpendicularly, *flying backward*, pirouetting or dancing off, as it were, from one place to another, sometimes descending, at other times ascending. It often mounts up above the towering trees, and then shoots off like a meteor at a right angle. At other times it gently buzzes away among the little flowers near the ground; at one moment it is poised over a diminutive weed, at the next it is seen at a distance of forty yards, whither it has vanished with the quickness of thought." The wings of the humming bird are of great strength, and are moved with extraordinary rapidity. So great is this rapidity that the form of the wings is quite indistinguishable when the bird is hovering over a particular spot, the wings looking like two filmy grey fans fixed to the side of the bird.

2540. In the Event of an Invasion of this Country which would be the Best and Safest Place to Effect a Landing?

Several points would have to be taken into consideration by an invading force. First, the rivers, by the aid of torpedoes, etc., could be rendered absolutely impassable to a foe. Secondly, the mountainous districts would afford the maximum assistance for defence, and a small but efficient troop of men fighting a kind of guerilla warfare could hold a large army at bay. Thirdly, the presence of cliffs would prove an effective barrier to the landing of an invading force. Even a flat shore, if backed by rising land, would imperil the however long their ranges, and too extensive for the adoption of defence by torpedoes and obstructions of any sort. The coast of Lincolnshire (and about the Wash particularly) is, for the most part, low and marshy, offering easy access to an enemy's boats, by means of which the troops would be landed. A night attack, even if the defenders knew of its likelihood, would offer certain success, because the length of line to be defended is so great, so that practically the difficulties of landing are here reduced to a minimum, assuming that the English fleet was absent or had been destroyed. Once on shore, the enemy would, strategically, have as many advantages as the defenders.

2541. What is the Best Example of a Service Rendered by a Plant to an Animal?

More than one plant affords the sole sustenance and shelter to certain insects which are born, live and die upon it. No service could be more complete than this. But perhaps the question is best answered by instancing the case of the still undiscovered herb to which the mongoose turns when bitten by the cobra, the most venomous reptile of the jungle. The beneficial effects of this plant when taken internally are almost instantaneous. Under similar circumstances death would be the inevitable fate of man or beast, but the little cat-like mongoose, thanks to the curative properties of this herb, known only to itself, is able to prolong its life in safety. The mongoose has often been closely watched by scientific men, but the nature of the plant which affords this wonderful relief still remains a mystery.

2543. Is it True that "Poverty is the Mother of all Arts?"

It is only true in part. It is declared that the useful arts have their origin in positive practical needs, and restrict themselves to satisfy them. Such arts embrace agriculture, medicine, cookery, etc. So far as these are concerned, the question is answered in the affirmative. The old saying, "Necessity is the mother of invention," corroborates this part of the story of the origin of the arts. In savage life invention flags. Its exercise is rare; but when poverty presses hard, the useful arts receive more and more attention. But *all* arts are not born of poverty. The fine arts minister to the sentiment of taste through the medium of the beautiful in form, colour, rhythm, or harmony. The province of the fine arts begins where utility in its narrower sense ends; their end is pleasure, or pleasure before use, or pleasure and use conjointly. Thus the saying, "Poverty is the mother of *all* arts" is not borne out by fact. It is only partially true. It is an important fact, that the first beginnings of art, other than the useful ones, among mankind in all ages and climes, have arisen from the impulse of honouring their gods, by erecting altars or sanctuaries, or from their reverence of the mighty dead, etc. Thus have originated architecture, sculpture, music, and poetry. These, at least, can be scarcely said to have had their origin in poverty.

2544. Which is the Best Historical Example of the Saying, "The Game is Not Worth the Candle"?

The ill-advised system of taxation whereby we lost our American Colonies is perhaps the most pertinent example of this saying. Although in March, 1770, certain obnoxious duties were repealed, it was determined, at the instigation of the King, "at whose door," says Green, "the shame of the darkest hour of English history wholly lies," to continue the tax on tea—a most unparalleled instance of short-sightedness; for to increase the revenue by at most £12,000, the Government did not hesitate to goad an overburdened nation into an active resistance, the issue whereof was beyond their range of computation. Even after the Boston Tea-Riots, when Americans and English alike desired a reconciliation, the King's blindness to the gravity of the crisis caused the rejection of mild measures, and we soon found ourselves plunged in an ignominious war whence we only emerged defeated and shorn of a considerable portion of our Empire.

in Greenland bearing a marked resemblance to those living at the same time in the European area. Indeed, out of 137 species, forty-six were absolutely identical. On the mainland of North America, rocks of the same period have been found to contain the remains of numerous species of animals, such as extinct lions, bears, and wolves, and three-toed horses, closely allied to forms then living east of the Atlantic. It is obvious that in Tertiary times a land connection must have existed by which these animals and plants migrated from one hemisphere to the other, or to both hemispheres from some intermediate region to the north; and it is more probable that the migration was by the North Atlantic region than by the much longer Asiatic route. It is to be remembered that the temperature of Arctic regions was then much milder than at present, so that climate would offer no barrier. It is only 250 miles from Greenland to Iceland, and 500 miles from Iceland to Scotland, with the Faroe Islands, which are regarded as the summits of submerged mountains, coming as a stepping-stone between, while the intervening seas are quite shallow. Greenland is known to be sinking. It is highly probable that in the Tertiary epoch it stood much higher, and that the adjoining sea-floor was above the waves, connecting America with Europe by way of Greenland, Iceland, and the Faroe Islands.

2545. Has a Poet Laureate ever been Compelled to Resign?

This humility, if humility it can be called, befell John Dryden, who judged from the standpoint of his poetic powers, was by no means the least worthy of the long list of great and famous names connected with the coveted, and, at the present moment, unoccupied position. Dryden, who for many years wrote little except dramatic work, became poet laureate and historiographer-royal in 1670. In the epidemic of conversion which followed the accession of James II., Dryden was one of the chief seceders from the Church of England. Whether his motives were sincere or not, does not call for discussion here, but the fact remains that the "illustrious renegade," as Macaulay calls him, was immediately made the richer by £100 a year—a mark of esteem and affection from the king. It is only fair to say, however, that he remained faithful to his new found faith at the time of the Revolution, when hundreds were reverting around him, and his constancy inflicted upon him the loss of all his places and his pensions. The accession of William III. and Mary left no room for Papists. Dryden's resignation, however, as a matter of fact, cost him little, for Dorset, the then Lord Chamberlain, bestowed upon the unfortunate poet a pension out of his private purse equal to the salary of which he had been deprived.

2547. Has a Double-Yolked Egg ever been Known to Produce Twin Chickens?

Such an event not infrequently occurs. As a rule, the little ones die before they have ever known what it is to live. Occasionally, however, existence is not denied them, although double-headed and joined together after the manner of the famous Siamese twins. But instances are not unknown where two separate and healthy birds have been hatched from one egg. Two little chickens of such origin, now about five weeks old, are at the present time in the possession of an inhabitant of Toll-cross, near Glasgow. A curious case is also reported from another part of the country. A gentleman residing at Collingham, near Newark, Nottingham, keeps two kinds of chickens, white Leghorns and black Orpingtons, which are allowed to run together. Not long ago a double-yolked egg was laid, and produced two chickens, one white and the other black, both of which are still living and thriving well.

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive replies to any of the questions asked here from our readers. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay for all matter printed at our ordinary rate of two guineas a column. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries. Envelopes should be marked "Replies," in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Tuesday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

QUESTIONS.

2571. Has there ever been a Queen of England who never saw English ground?

2572. What is the most remarkable authentic example of a person habitually taking very little sleep?

2573. Which is the most striking example of the extent to which the value of crude material can be increased by working the material into useful objects?

2574. How would subsequent history have been modified if Napoleon had won the battle of Waterloo?

2575. Which geographical discovery has cost the most in human lives?

2576. Which is the best historical illustration of the saying "Like prince, like people"?

2577. Which ancient people came the nearest to the description of "a nation of shopkeepers"?

2578. Which city has produced the greatest number of illustrious men?

2579. Which is the most striking example of vanity in the great?

2580. Which is the most notable historical case of doctors disagreeing?

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Do you fully realise that PEARSON'S LIBRARY provides for sixpence as good a novel as you would purchase for six shillings anywhere else?

A sort of aerial nursery king.
He had a papa and mamma, too,
And once in a while as they travelled through
The spaceless blue they would come so near
They could smile and say: "Good evening, dear;
You're looking well, and we hope you know
Enough to take care of how you go,
A-sailing round in the crowded skies;
And remember you're young and none too wise."

But the baby star knew a thing or two,
And his idea was he could surely do
A great many deeds that were all his own
And which his parents had never known.
So one fine night he thought he'd try
A new and unknown bit of the sky,
He wobbled about in his baby way
And saw fine sights, but he could not stay.

He found he had somehow lost his grip
And had started out on a flying trip,
And down through miles of space he sped
Till a dizzy feeling came into his head,
And then he burst in a thousand bits
That flew about like cats in fits,
Or, to put it more poetically,
Like skyrockets off on a dreadful spree.
Yet he didn't set the earth in a blaze,
And people said when he met their gaze,
As the biggest bit flew through the air,
"Oh! look at the shooting star out there!"
He plunged at last in his mad despair
Into a field where a rude ploughshare
Very soon found out what there was of him.
And now on a shelf in a museum dim
He is labelled—that baby star once so bright,
"Number 800—Fine Meteorite."

A VICTIM OF BAD GAS.

"WHAT are you doing," said the clerk in the hotel. "Do you wish to stifle yourself and die on our hands?"

"What's the matter with you?"

"You've gone and blown out the gas."

"Nothing of the kind. I'm entitled to the use of this gas, aren't I?"

"Yes."

"Well, I can't get any satisfaction by lighting it. The only way I can get my money's worth is to sit here and smell it."

A MAGIC EGG.

IF you put a silver egg-spoon above the flame of a candle it becomes black; plunge it in a glass of water—what a change! The spoon is no longer black. Take it from the water, you will think the smoke has disappeared. It is not so. The spoon remains a dull black. Curious, is it not? The explanation is simple.

Lamp-black, because of its fineness, is not moistened by the water; the water presents then, all round and at a distance from the blackened spoon, a curved form, reproducing exactly that of the spoon and on which the light reflects as on a metallic surface.

Try the pretty experiment this way. Blacken an egg above a candle, or better still, a very smoky lamp, and this egg, plunged into the water, will take instantly a brilliant and metallic aspect, giving the illusion of a silvered egg, and reappearing black as soon as you take it out of the water.

DICKENS' MARRIED LIFE.

WHAT Charles Dickens saw in his wife to do credit to his brains is not known. It is very certain that after marriage she saw very little in him for people to make a fuss over. While the world was sounding his praises, she discounted them at home by deprecation. She mortified him in public by saying she did not understand what they saw in his books to admire so much. To her they were tiresome. As they grew older, they grew apart, and finally became so unhappy that they had to separate.

Dickens found more congenial friends, who flattered him, and ministered to his vanity, while at home his greatness was not recognised. His wife had full knowledge of his faults and the seamy side of the idol of the public.

Behind the scenes it is likely his creative genius was overtopped by his intolerance as a husband and his neglect of the mother of his children, upon whose good name no cloud has ever rested, save that brought upon it by the repudiation of the man who solemnly promised to love, honour, and cherish her until death did them part.

the top, a view of which he commands from his sitting-room window.

During the prevalence of easterly winds he avoids going out of doors as much as possible. Someone well acquainted with his habits, took the opportunity one night to climb up the flagstaff, and with a hammer and nail fastened the vane due east.

The old gentleman referred to his vane every morning, as was his custom, to see what quarter the wind was in, and not suspecting anything wrong, was kept indoors thirteen days after it had been changed.

ANSWER YOUR CHILDREN'S QUESTIONS.

WHEN a child reaches the advanced age of four years he usually begins to develop a natural passion for knowledge. This is a much more important stage in his career than most people seem to think. Once stifle this early spirit of inquiry, and you may do the child an irreparable injury.

The parent has now the opportunity of laying the foundation of a wise man or a fool, for although the elementary knowledge acquired by one so young, may appear trivial and premature, it is really the basis on which all his later education is built up. More than this, it is the habit of seeking information that it is so necessary to encourage and stimulate.

Forced studies at too early an age, are greatly to be deprecated, but we are always safe in letting the child learn what it has a strong desire to know. And this desire or curiosity is the best guarantee we could have, that our instruction will receive close attention, and be impressed on the memory.

The questions which these youngsters are perpetually asking us are often very extraordinary, and the great difficulty with most people is to find a way of framing answers to them that shall be intelligible to the young mind with its scanty knowledge and very limited vocabulary. But with patience and perseverance it can generally be managed.

Do not teach a child anything that it will have to unlearn in after years. It is just as easy to tell him that the stars are suns ever and ever so far off, as to say that they are holes in the sky for angels to peep through.

But on no account should a child's imagination be crushed; on the contrary, it should be stimulated in every reasonable way. This may at first seem in contradiction to what has already been written, but it is not so. All that the writer contends is that in matters of physical science and everyday fact we should not wilfully mislead our children.

Let them by all means remain loyal to their fairies and other pretty childish fancies, for these are on quite a different plane. They form the poetry in their young lives, and it is a common fallacy that poetry and scientific knowledge are opposed.

FASHIONABLE DOCTOR: "My dear young lady, you are drinking unfiltered water, which swarms with animal organisms. You should have it boiled—that will kill them."

His Patient: "Well, doctor, I think I'd sooner be an aquarium than a cemetery."

DR. MANSFIELD: "My dear Mrs. Jenkins, how could you bring that young baby out on such a cold day—with a strong east wind blowing?"

Mrs. Jenkins: "Ah, Doctor, you will have your little joke. How can a child of this one's age possibly know what wind it is?"

FIRST BOY: "Why did you throw that dead cat into that yard?"

Second Boy: "Don't say a word. They'll think the next door neighbours threw it in."

"S'pose they do?"

"My pa's a lawyer, and I want a bicycle."

A * GRAND * FEAST.

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It is around a little town in Caltanisetta that the chief mines are situated, and there may be seen an almost endless train of mules bearing away from these "living tombs," as they have been justly termed, the sulphur rock, which the "picconier" has just extracted.

But it is neither the mules nor the miners who suffer most from cruelty, although their lot is hard enough; it is with the children who are employed by the landowners to carry the sulphur up from the mine. Their life is one of such continual misery, and hideous cruelty, that it is extraordinary how they can exist at all.

These children, all between the ages of eight and fifteen years, half starved and quite naked, for the intense heat is otherwise insufferable, work with scarcely a moment's pause for twelve hours a day. They toil ceaselessly in absolute darkness, with their loads on their heads, and in an oppressive sulphur-laden air.

From the bottom of the mine to the ground above, there are no fewer than six hundred steps to be climbed; and these are but roughly hewn out from the rock, and in such a way that even a little child has to stoop throughout. There is no room to stand; and the long line of humanity must not pause for a moment; to slip, moreover, on these treacherous steps means instant death, not for one only, but for the six or seven immediate neighbours on either side.

To climb up and down these six hundred steps the live-long day, with a heavy load on the head, and in a stooping position, must be an eternal misery for these poor children.

Until these child-slaves have returned the five to seven pounds which is the price usually paid to the parents for the use of them, they are remorselessly worked as slaves by their owners, and the exorbitant sum demanded for the sour bread and garlic with which they are supplied, enables the master to keep them in his service almost any length of time which may be convenient for him. They are supposed to be paid sixpence a day for their work, but very little of this ever finds its way into their hands. Such undreamed-of luxuries as fish, meat, or vegetables, are not known to them even by name.

Sicily possesses nearly four hundred sulphur mines, mostly in the vicinity of Caltanisetta, which are chiefly owned by private corporations or rich landlords.

A WOMAN'S WAY.

THE message, as repeated to him by one of the clerks in the office, was, "Come home as quickly as you can," and, of course, it startled him.

"Was any reason given?" he asked.

"No; that was the only message," returned the clerk. "It was to be given to you the moment you came in."

"Someone must be ill," he said, "or there has been an accident. Perhaps something has happened to one of the children."

A cab would take him home quicker than anything else, but somehow the cab that day seemed hardly to move, and he nervously shifted about on the seat, and thought of all the horrible things imaginable. The house might be on fire or one of the children might have been run over. Or the children might have been stolen or lost, or the clothing of one might have caught fire. Or possibly his wife had been hurt, and a neighbour had sent the message. One never knows how many things he can conjure up until he finds himself on his way to face some unknown evil. The most consoling thing that he could think of was that possibly it was only a case of burglary.

His wife was waiting for him at the corner of the street in which he lived, so his mind was relieved on one score—she was not hurt. But the fact that she had come to the corner to wait for him indicated something serious, and, in addition, he could see that she was terribly agitated.

"Hurry! Hurry!" she cried, as he jumped out of the cab. "Oh, it seemed as if you never would come."

"What's the matter?" he asked, as he half ran down the street with her.

"I went out on the steps for a moment," she explained, as they ran along, "and the wind blew the door shut, and I was locked out. I didn't have my latch-key. And no one knows what may have happened."

"Oh, I don't suppose there's any great harm done," he said, considerably relieved.

"Oh, you don't know all—you don't understand!" she exclaimed. "Give me your key. Here we are now."

He had visions of the children playing with carving-knives and hatchets as he followed her into the house. She made straight for the kitchen, but stopped in the doorway.

"I knew it!" she cried—"I knew it! Burnt to a cinder!"

"What?" he asked, aghast, trying to look over her shoulder.

"The roast that I left in the oven," she replied.

"And the children?" he asked, anxiously.

"Oh, they're playing in the back yard."

You'll hardly credit it, but we've been busily engaged on the P.W. Xmas Number for the last month or more. I can assure you it is going to be something quite out of the common this year.

some months in Dresden, Germany.

A NEW company has been formed to promote the manufacture of cotton from wood-pulp. White duck trousers made from this artificial textile thread will be largely worn this summer. They will stand washing, and, moreover, will be cheap.

ONE, Dr. Bertillon, has discovered a new method of identifying handwriting. The letters are enlarged by means of photography, and the irregularities, due to the beating of the pulse, are then measured. By comparison, a valuable clue is obtained.

A PRACTICAL invention has been introduced in a Berlin restaurant, where the clothes hooks are arranged in such a way that, after hanging a coat on them, they can be locked by means of a snap lock in the upper hook or hat rack. Regular guests receive a key, while transient visitors have to ask a waiter to return their overcoats.

TRAM-LINES are so numerous in American cities that the municipal authorities can save themselves considerable expense by employing them to water the streets. In the summer the roadways are sprinkled every half-hour. Moreover, special cars have been built to run on the lines at night time for removing the street refuse.

M. MAURICE DE THIERRY is the inventor of a spectroscopic detector, by means of which it is possible to discover blood in a perfectly colourless solution of only one part in 850,000. Not long ago this method was successfully applied by the late Doctor Richardson, of Philadelphia, who was able to detect a 3,000th part of a grain of blood on an axe-handle supposed to have been used in a case of murder.

No one, I presume, will venture to be surprised on hearing that big guns can be made from paper pulp, or, rather, from wood, as it is from this substance that the paper pulp is obtained. The cores of these paper guns are constructed of metal, while the exterior is wound with wire. About five layers of steel, brass, or copper wire are bound around the cannon, and outside this covering are various bands of brass.

THE most practical of the numerous pedal contrivances which have been invented from time to time for use at sea, is the new nautical bicycle. This machine is composed of two long and narrow cases of steel, which serve as floats, and are connected by cross bars, until the whole resembles the frame of the ordinary toboggan. In the space between the two "runners" and near the stern, is a miniature paddle-wheel, which is operated upon by a chain gear connected with the pedals. The navigator sits astride a framework precisely like that of a bicycle, and steers by a small rudder behind, connected with the handle-bar.

THE power of transmitting telegraphic messages without connecting wires was put to a practical application the other day, when the submarine cable between Oban and Auchnacraig broke down. A gutta-percha insulated wire, one and a half miles long, was laid along the ground from Morven, whilst on the Island of Mull the ordinary overhead wire was made use of connecting Craignure with Aros. The distance between the two parallel wires was three and a half miles. Using a vibrator as a transmitter and a telephone as a receiver, the usual messages were successfully dealt with until the cable was repaired.

MR. PFISTER, an Austrian engineer, has discovered a curious property of the trunks of trees—that of retaining the salt of sea water that has filtered through the trunk in the direction of the fibres. Mr. Pfister utilises this property for obtaining drinkable water for the use of ships' crews. The apparatus, which has been patented, consists of a pump, which sucks up the sea water into a reservoir and then forces it into the filter formed by the tree trunk. As soon as the pressure reaches from 1·5 to 2·5 atmospheres, the water is seen (at the end of from one to three minutes, according to the kind of wood used) to make its exit from the other extremity of the trunk, at first in drops and then in fine streams. The water thus filtered is perfectly fit to drink, having been freed from every particle of saline taste. The tree trunk measures fifteen feet in length, by from five to six inches in diameter.

IF the bicycle was a vast improvement on the tricycle, it does not necessarily follow that a unicycle would be better than both. For the first time, however, a really practical machine of this kind has been invented. Not that it is likely to come into general use. In the first place, it is not a pleasant thing to look upon, and in the second place, even the gentleman who has designed it does not claim any advantage over the ordinary "safety." The new machine, which weighs fifty-four pounds, can be successfully ridden in a circle and guided at will without falling. The wheel is of aluminium, and stands seven feet three inches high. It consists of an outside rim with a huge pneumatic tyre. In the centre is a smaller wheel just about big enough for a man to crawl through, and these two concentric wheels are connected with strong steel spokes. In the middle of the smaller wheel is a saddle and a handle-bar. A double gearing operates the unicycle, both rims of which revolve around the rider. The power is applied by friction, and the machine is steered by the changing of the centre of gravity of the rider's body.

Under the above heading we publish accounts of new and curious inventions and discoveries. Should any readers have something exceptional of the kind which they would like to communicate to the world at large, we shall be very glad if they will make this the medium for doing so.

If any reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY *wishes to communicate with an expert regarding an idea for a patent let him write to the Editor of this paper, marking the envelope* PATENT. *The letter will be handed to a gentleman well known in connection with patents, who will put himself in communication with the sender.*

as "Bertie."

CAMEL raising is said to afford the King of Italy much pleasure and profit.

UNLIKE most other boys of his age the German Crown Prince is allowed no pocket money.

ACCORDING to rumour, Mrs. Edmund Yates carries about with her the ashes of her husband in a casket fitted into a little travelling-bag of special design.

SIR WALTER BESANT has been engaged on a history of London for six-and-twenty years, and has collected no fewer than six hundred works on the subject.

LORD DUFFERIN is the only British subject, outside the Royal circle, who is a Knight Grand Cross of the four "Service Orders" of the Bath, the Star of India, the Michael and George, and the Indian Empire.

MISS BRADDON, in spite of advancing years, is still an excellent horsewoman. Her favourite recreation is riding, and in the short intervals that she allows herself from her work she is usually to be seen on horseback.

THIRTY years ago Mr. W. A. Clarke, the Montana mine-owner, arrived in that part of the world with a pick over his shoulder and not so much as a dollar in his pocket. At the present time his fortune is estimated at from £4,000,000 to £8,000,000.

IT is no exaggeration to say that Mr. Jabez Spencer Balfour looks ten years older to-day than he did when he first arrived in England from South America. The change in his appearance is due to nervous prostration, loss of appetite, and want of sleep.

DURING his voyage round the world Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria had a day's hunting between Delhi and Bhartpore in a railway train which had been placed at his disposal. The train advanced or went back at a signal from the Archduke as the game was sighted, until all the officials connected with the train—engine-driver and guards alike—were seized with a kind of hunting frenzy, and even the locomotive showed a disposition to run a tiger down.

AN almost twinlike affection exists between Messrs. I. and S. Wormser, the great American bankers. It is very seldom indeed that they are ever seen apart in the street or at social gatherings; but, although their brotherly love has made them notable, they never on any account whatever drive in the same carriage nor make a journey by the same train or boat. In this their object of course is to avoid the difficulties and embarrassments in which their colossal business would be plunged if both partners were incapacitated at the same time.

THE Earl of Dunraven, as Lord Adair, was a journalist. He went through several campaigns as a special correspondent, and, as he himself remarked, "I was precious glad of the money I got, too." He was at one time proprietor of the Opera Comique Theatre, and has always interested himself in theatrical matters. At some theatre with which he was connected when he was Lord Adair, a good deal of money had been lost. A new piece was about to be produced, and Mr. H. J. Byron, of "Our Boys" fame, was asked his opinion as to what it was to be called. "Oh," said he, "call it Robin Adair." The applicability of the title, seeing that his lordship had already lost so much money over the theatre, was undeniable.

MR. JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON, whose story, "The Desert Ship," has created such a stir, was born in 1850. His parents intended him for a military life, but when, at twenty-one, he came into a comfortable inheritance, he determined to see something of the world. Mr. Burton's first long story was "The Silent Shore," which had quite a career under several different guises. Originally published in volume form, it later appeared as a play at the Olympic Theatre; then ran as a serial in Spanish in a South American paper, and ended up as a serial in several English provincial papers. Mr. Burton has a pleasant home, just out of London, at Barnes Common. Like many other Englishmen of prominence in these days, he has taken an American wife. He is a large, broad-chested man, standing six feet two inches and a quarter in his shoes, with dark, piercing eyes.

MR. STEAD is a man with great ideas. His latest notion is to produce the works of all the popular poets in a series of penny books. Both the type and the paper are remarkably good, and the project is sure to be cordially welcomed by the public. William Thomas Stead is a Northumberland man. Born in 1849, he was educated at home and at Wakefield. Leaving school at the age of fourteen he entered a merchant's office, and, after working as a clerk for some years, he was invited by the proprietor of a provincial paper to become a regular contributor to its columns. His vivid style at once marked him out as a successful journalist, and it was quite soon that he was appointed editor of the NORTHERN ECHO, a halfpenny paper published at Darlington. From this position he rose to that of assistant editor on the staff of the PALL MALL GAZETTE, then edited by Mr. John Morley, and it was not long before he himself was occupying the editorial chair. Resigning in 1889, he started the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, and since that time has done the major portion of the work connected with the production of the monthly, with only the smallest assistance from other critics. Mr. Stead may be said to have invented the new journalism, at all events, in England, and it was he who imported the interviewing phase into our newspaper world. Mr. Stead was also the first London editor who saw fit to illustrate a daily paper. Nothing which this versatile journalist has ever put his hand to, however, is likely in its way to receive greater appreciation than his latest effort to bring within the reach of the penny public some of the greatest masterpieces of the English language.

back in fifty days, accomplished ... the whole journey on his safety, with to spare. He covered the whole journey on his safety, with the exception of the channel, which he negotiated in the usual way. Mr. Jefferson looked none the worse for the rough time which he experienced in Poland and Russia. He gives a very bad account of these countries, and says that it would be very hard to induce him to ride through them again. He thinks, in fact, that they are infinitely worse than Turkey for touring and picnicing. Another cycling pressman started a few days ago to cover the distance from London to Madrid and back. When this has been accomplished there will be few routes undone in Europe, but fortunately America offers a wide field for operations.

IT is pleasant to learn that affairs in the Cyclists' Touring Club are looking considerably brighter than they have been for several years. For a long time the roll of membership has been showing a gradual but certain falling off, due to various causes. Lately, however, there has been a reaction, probably arising out of the increased popularity of the pastime, and applications for election forms are coming in pretty fast. A noteworthy point, too, is the fact that a fair percentage of these applications are from people of standing and influence. Under the circumstances, the "C.T.C." will probably, in the near future, become even a stronger organisation than it was seven or eight years ago. It certainly deserves the support of every cyclist who goes in for the most delightful form of cycling—touring.

A DISTINGUISHED Russian doctor has been studying the physiological effects of cycling on individuals of various ages and of both sexes. He has come to the conclusion that the effect on the male of riding right through the summer is practically nil. In children and women the vital capacity is slightly increased. The arm power increases more than the leg power in young persons and beginners; but this is not so noticeable in men of mature years, who have been long accustomed to the use of the wheel.

IT looks as though the National Cyclists' Union will, ere long, be at war with every governing body of cyclists in the world. The Jockey Club of English cyclists has had its quarrel with the League of American Wheelmen, and it is now engaged in resisting the attacks of the Irish Cyclists' Association, and the controlling bodies of Holland, Denmark, and Germany. It is all because the English Union will not accept as amateurs some of the riders who come from the continent, and there can be little doubt that the English Union is right. If the sport of cycle racing cannot be carried on fairly and honestly, and without making a mere business of it, the sooner it is abolished the better.

WE are hearing a good deal of late of motor cycles of various kinds, and even the cycling papers notice these as though they could be regarded as serious rivals to the cycle as propelled by man. It must be occasionally forgotten that the first great advantage of cycling is the health, the sense of feeling "fit," derived from the exercise which it necessitates. Most people take up cycling either for their health's sake or because of their love of physical exercise, and such folks are not likely to "take any stock" in cycles driven by electricity or petroleum. The very latest idea in the way of fearsome cycles is one which is to be ridden in the air. It will, at all events, have the advantage of being free from the dangers of crowded traffic, and from the interference of the officious policeman. It should become popular with the suicide clubs.

THE Ladies' Cycling Association seems to be very active in providing pleasure for members. Features of the work it does are short trips and more extended tours for those with sufficient time at their disposal. The principal tour arranged for this year is through Normandy, and no doubt those ladies who participate in it will come back more charmed than ever with cycling. The Association is not so dreadfully severe as some organisations of ladies are, as husbands, brothers, and even fathers are allowed to join in the runs of the members. Another evidence of liberality is found in the fact that "natural dress" is optional. The hon. secretary is Miss Ada Earland, who works very hard for the Association, and is herself a most enthusiastic cyclist. The president is Miss Davidson, who, by her charming contributions to cycling and other papers, has done, perhaps, more than anyone else to call the attention of women to the great charms and advantages of cycling as a pastime for the weaker sex.

(Cricket Notes next week)

English Cyclists should have their lamps alight at 9.19 p.m. on Saturday, June 29th and 9.16 p.m. on July 6th. In Ireland there is no law compelling cyclists to light up at all. In Scotland the time is about half an hour later than in England.

£100 INSURANCE

FOR CYCLISTS.

The only condition required to secure this sum to whomsoever the Proprietors of **PEARSON'S WEEKLY** *may decide to be the Next-of-kin of any Cyclist who meets with his or her death by an accident while actually riding, is that a copy of the current number of* **PEARSON'S WEEKLY**, *or this notice, should be in the possession of the deceased at the time of the fatality. The usual signature in pen or pencil must occupy the line left blank at the foot of this notice. Notice of accident must be given within seven days to the Proprietors of the Paper, and death must occur within the same period from the accident.*

Signature ____________________

Available until midnight, July 6th, 1895.

Been to the Academy yet? No? Well, it doesn't matter. Go and see the covers of HOME NOTES on your bookstall. The pictures are quite as good, and may be bought outright for a penny.

OUR STAMP ALBUM.

No. 7.

THE first practical step has been taken by the Society for the Suppression of Speculative Stamps. It issues a card warning dealers and collectors to have nothing to do with three new issues. Of these, one is the "St. Antonio" set from Portugal, which was fully described, and denounced as well in the last "Stamp Album." The next on the black list is the set of five surcharges, all on the one dollar red, recently put forth by North Borneo and Labuan. These are said to "appear to be unnecessary," which is a polite way of saying that they are made to sell to collectors.

The third clause in the embargo is more sweeping. It includes all Chinese locals hereafter to be issued, naming Chefoo, Chinkiang, Chungking, Hankow, Ichang, Kewkiang, Tientain, and Wuhu, and adding generally such other treaty ports as may issue stamps. This is rather a serious step, the more so as it seems to except Shanghai from the general condemnation.

The first number of this new series of the "Stamp Album," of April 13th, gave a cut of a used Ichang stamp, sent to us on the original newspaper by the postmaster of that place. Our comment at the time was that this proved merely that the stamp conveyed the paper from Ichang to Hong Kong, but to bring it on from that point to England a Hong Kong stamp had to be added. In other words, it was a local stamp, and could only be considered as such. But is this not equally true of the multitudinous issues of Shanghai? If the one is to be boycotted (and to that we say amen cordially), why not the other?

And is it not high time to pronounce upon the "Principality of Trinidad" issue? We have before us a registered envelope, sent on March 6 by Messrs. Whitfield, King, and Co., addressed to "Monsieur le Directeur de Postes, Principauté de Trinidad, South Atlantic, *viâ* Brazil. Note.—*Not* Trinidad, West Indies." It arrived in Rio Janeiro on March 24. It is now returned to our Ipswich friends with the label, "Insufficiently addressed," stamped all over it. That is to say, in Rio Janeiro they do not know where this Trinidad is, or at least have no postal knowledge of the place.

Now, it happens that the only thing anybody knows about Trinidad is that it lies out in the ocean in lat. 21° 30′ S., long. 30° W., and is 900 miles from Rio Janeiro, its nearest mainland port. If one cannot get a letter to it from Rio Janeiro, what conceivable other postal connection can it have?

The old "Stamp Album" exposed all this as long ago as December 29 of last year. Libel suits were threatened then, and later a personal letter came from the Chancellor of Foreign Affairs of this Principality, stationed in New York; but neither threat nor persuasion sufficed to convince us of the genuineness of the stamps from a postal point of view. The failure now of a registered letter to even find the island, let alone a post-office official on it, is the last proof needed that we were right six months ago in leading off in the attack upon this issue. We should not recur to the subject now if it were not that sundry people are said still to be selling and collecting these stamps.

We imagine that much shorter work will be made now with another island issue, the first sets of which have just reached England. We reproduce herewith one of the nine, ranging from one cent to one dollar, sent gratis by some anonymous hand to a dealer friend. They all bear a small hand-stamped obliteration in violet ink, containing the name of a San Francisco firm. The island itself, called Clipperton, is even harder to find out about than Trinidad. It is in lat. 10° 30′ N., long. 114° 40′ W., and lies off in the Pacific on one of the minor Californian trade routes, but who owns it, if it has an owner, and what population it has beyond the lobsters and wild-fowl portrayed on the stamp, are solemn mysteries.

A registered letter, similar to the one described above, has been sent by the same firm to the "Postmaster of Clipperton." But it is not necessary to wait for an answer to it, or its return as "insufficiently addressed," to warn our readers to leave the thing alone.

The attempt to explain to amateurs why certain old English red penny stamps are of special interest and value seems fraught with perils, whichever way it is approached. Last year it involved a seizure by Somerset House. This year, despite all protestations on our part, the "Stamp Album" is being overwhelmed with letters, inquiries, whole hundreds of specimen stamps, etc., all because, in No. 4, we ventured upon a brief explanation of the mysterious plate-numbers. Half-a-dozen people write that they have a thousand, or more, of these old-used stamps, and would like to know where to sell them. Others haven't so many—some of our correspondents, indeed, mention only three or four—but they are just as confident as the former that large sums of money will be paid at once for their treasures.

The whole matter is so simple that there is really no excuse for this wearisome volume of correspondence. On the old red penny stamp, with letters in all four corners, there are some little white numerals in the scroll work at the sides. Some of these numbers are rarer than others, and are worth more in consequence; but this difference, among those that have been used, is only in a few cases worth talking about. Those who have large quantities of these stamps, and lots of spare time, will do well to take a good magnifying glass and separate them according to their plate-numbers.

Then a catalogue like Hilcke's, Morley's, or Ewen's, will tell them the value of what they have got. But the "Stamp Album" is not going to decipher these plate-numbers for its friends, or answer any more letters on the subject.

A number of readers, including W. P. C. of Cardiff, and PHILATELIST of Stamford Hill, have written, expressing various degrees of surprise and confusion over our remarks on the Haiti forgery in No. 5. They say, in substance, that there is a palm tree, with cannons and flags, on Haiti stamps of theirs, which they believe to be genuine, and that our remark that there has never been any design like the forgery we re-produced, perplexes and disturbs them. We print now, side by side, this forgery, and the genuine stamp of 1891. These friends will see at a glance that there is no similarity whatever, save that each have a central device in common, which is like saying that Austrian and British stamps are similar because both bear portraits of sovereigns.

FORGERY.

The forgery is a palpable imitation of the French stamps from 1848 to 1876, even to the point of the small-type legend "postes" at the bottom. The genuine Haiti stamp has big numerals, bold lettering, and is a wholly different affair all round. There is a slight alteration in the issue of 1893, marked chiefly by the fact that the palm leaves are drooping, instead of erect; but this, too, has the same large figures in the top corners, and the same broad legend, "Republique d'Haiti" underneath. We own to a feeling that a person who thinks these two stamps are alike, takes liberties with the language when he signs himself "Philatelist."

Ever since the new Grand Duke Adolph of Luxemburg first saw the stamps that were made for him in 1891, shortly after his accession, he is said to have disliked them vehemently. For one thing, he always wears glasses, and the full-face portrait of him, without these adornments, did not seem a good likeness. Again, it was undoubtedly an ugly face, and what is the good of being a Grand Duke if you cannot have a fine countenance ascribed to you on your postage stamps?

Accordingly, after several false announcements, a new issue has actually made its appearance. Only five stamps are out as yet, the one, two, four, five, and ten centimes, but no doubt a set of larger values will follow shortly. They are to be had in the official form as well, with the familiar black surcharge "S.P." It will be noted that of the five mentioned only the 10c. carmine displaces one of the 1891 portrait series. The other four are in place of the symbolical-figure stamps of 1882.

So many new issues crowd upon us at the moment that answers to correspondents must go over to the next "Stamp Album," when several questions of, we hope, general interest will be taken up.

New Zealand, for example, not only issues a new halfpenny newspaper stamp, to take the place of the underaized pink label so long in use, but she contemplates an entire new issue on somewhat original lines. The Postmaster-General advertises for drawings for eleven different stamps, "each to include a representation of characteristic or notable New Zealand scenery or *genre*." The artist may choose between the oblong shape and size of the U.S. Columbus stamps or the ordinary rectangle now in use. The prize for the best series is £150, and for the second best £100, and competition is limited to persons resident in the colony. As it closes July 31st, the new stamps may be expected by winter. The one illustrated above is printed in rich black, and is rather prettier than the modern Australasian average.

(*"Science for the Unscientific" next week.*)

HE: "I had a queer dream about you last night, Miss Louisa. I was about to give you a kiss when suddenly we were separated by a river that gradually grew as big as the Thames."

She: "And was there no bridge and no boat?"

A SMALL boy gives his views on a very pertinent subject in these graphic words:

"Some boys is honester than others, and there's no way to tell them apart except you pretend to forget your knife, and watch 'em jump for it. The one that jumps last is the honestest one."

ROBBING HIS GUESTS.

THE money necessary for the construction of one of the most famous mosques at Cairo was procured by the following ingenious device:

The Sultan Hassan was determined to build a mosque and a tomb for himself, but, finding a paucity of means in his treasury, he sent out invitations to all the principal people of the country to repair to a grand feast at his Court, when he said he would present each of his loving subjects with a robe of honour.

On the appointed day they accordingly all made their appearance, dressed in their richest robes of State. There was not one but had a cashmere shawl round his turban, and another round his waist, with a jewelled dagger stuck in it, besides other ornaments, and caftans of brocade and cloth of gold.

They entered the palace of the Roumayli, each accompanied by a magnificent train of guards and attendants, who, according to the jealous custom of the times, remained below, while the chiefs, with one or two of their personal followers only, ascended into the citadel, and were ushered into the presence of the Sultan. They were received most graciously.

When the feast was concluded the Sultan announced that each guest at his departure should receive the promised robe of honour, and as these distinguished personages one by one left the Royal presence, they were conducted to a small chamber near the gate, in which were several armed officers of the household, who, with expressions of the most profound respect and solicitude, divested them of their clothes, which were immediately carried off.

The astonished noble was then invested with a long white shirt, and ceremoniously handed out by an opposite door, which led to the exterior of the fortress, where he found his train in waiting.

The Sultan kept all that he found worth keeping of the personal effects of his guests, who were afterwards glad to bargain with the chamberlain of the Court for the restoration of their robes of State, and these were ultimately returned to them for a consideration.

CUSTOMER: "I'm looking for a tall man with one arm."

Shop-walker: "Certainly. The remnant counter is just across the room."

JUDGE: "The evidence that you called this gentleman a donkey is overwhelming. Hadn't you better admit the fact?"

Accused: "Maybe I had. The longer I look at the prosecuting witness's face the more probable it seems to me that I did call him a donkey."

HE: "Have you read Rollin's novel about a girl who studied art, and finally prayed to be turned into a beautiful statue?"

She: "No. What nonsense."

He: "How so?"

She: "No living creature ever could envy an inanimate object."

He: "Humph! I know plenty of girls who wouldn't mind being the blarney stone."

434 INSURANCE CLAIMS HAVE BEEN PAID.

(Including one of a Thousand Pounds.)

This Insurance holds good for any number of Claims to the extent of £2000—not for one only.

£2000 COUPON TICKET. *Specially Guaranteed by the*

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40, 42, and 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.)

INSURANCE TICKET Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.

Issued under Section 33 of the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act, 1890.

TWO THOUSAND POUNDS

will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, this coupon ticket or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract. The paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Rules No. 2 and 3.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

*Signature*_____

Available from 5 p.m. on Friday, June 28th, 1895, until Midnight, Saturday, July 6th, 1895. (See column 3, page 827.)

It's almost worth while getting killed in a railway accident, don't you think, to gain that £2,000 insurance we are offering?

ARMY NOTES.

No. 7.

A Personal Explanation. A NUMBER of letters have reached me requesting information of no general interest to other than the writers themselves, and signed under a *nom de plume*, without giving in addition the writer's real name and address; if the individuals concerned will write to me again, giving the above details, so as to enable me to reply direct, I shall be very pleased to do so. I may mention again, that any and every communication I receive is regarded as strictly private and confidential, and whenever possible a reply will be sent.

As to the Conveyance of Deserters. BY the Queen's Regulations, Section VI., Par. 211, it is laid down: "A soldier should never be marched in military custody through the streets, unless such a course is absolutely unavoidable, but a *covered* conveyance (the italics are my own) should be provided, as directed in paragraph 207." A very excellent regulation my readers will, I am sure, admit; but what I want to know is, does a Hansom cab constitute a covered conveyance as intended by the regulation above referred to?

My reason for asking is that a few days ago in London—the exact locality need not be specified—I saw about mid-day a Hansom cab going towards a barracks, in which were seated a non-commissioned officer and private—presumably an escort—with a young fellow in civilian attire, working-class, seated on their knees, and from one or two details which commended themselves to my notice, I do not think I was wrong in surmising that the man was a deserter being conveyed to barracks under escort. If my supposition be correct, I cannot help thinking that it would have been better to have chartered a four-wheeler for the journey. In the same way some little time ago I noticed a deserter (with handcuffs on) at an important London railway junction, sitting for over half an hour on a seat between the two men composing his escort.

Doubtless there was good reason for observing the precaution taken, but in this case, as well as the foregoing, the exercise of a little kindly tact would have led to the man being kept in one of the waiting-rooms out of sight as much as possible.

The Prevention of Desertion. WHILST on the subject of deserters, at the risk of giving offence, I feel compelled to put forward a suggestion—not, I know, by any means a novel one, which would, if acted upon, effectually check the continual re-enlistment which it is well known goes on by men who desert from one corps, apparently with no other object than to gain a new outfit by joining another. (N.B.—The total number of men who deserted in 1894 was 3,958, of these 1,833 rejoined, and 184 were detected as having fraudulently re-enlisted.)

My suggestion is, that without returning to the obsolete and barbarous system which used to be in our army, of *branding* a deserter with a D, or a soldier discharged from the service with ignominy, with the letters B.C. (bad character), a slight, but nevertheless, *indelible* mark be made by means of tattooing in an inconspicuous part of the body—say underneath the right arm, high up—and consequently quite out of sight to any ordinary observer, but nevertheless there, as an effectual deterrent against fraudulent re-enlistment; and I would even go a step further, and make it compulsory on a man purchasing his discharge from the army to be similarly marked—with a different symbol, of course—my experience being that many young fellows join the army, induce their relatives after a short time to buy them out (often at considerable inconvenience when money is a matter of consideration), and then having again tired of civil life re-enlist with possibly the same result.

Now, this is not so much a military as a civilian grievance, but I know instances in which it has occurred, and in which it has been the means of much personal inconvenience to those mainly concerned, and the sooner steps are taken to check the evil the better.

Accidental Damages to Arms to be paid for by the Soldiers. AN EX-HUSSAR (who took his discharge since 1891) gives me an instance of what I cannot but think is a decided hardship. He writes: "Should you be unlucky enough to get your carbine choked up with rag when cleaning out after a lot of firing, it will cost you, or used to men in my regiment, a shilling to get it drilled out by the Armourer Sergeant. Now this is more than an average day's pay, and I don't think a man should be asked to pay so much for an accident that may happen any time, no matter how careful he is, if his carbine is extra foul."

I must confess that to me this seems a legitimate grievance, which only wants to be brought to the notice of commanding officers to be removed. And I would suggest, as an alternative, that a deduction or stoppage from a man's pay of, say 3d., for such a service as the above would meet the case, and would be much more willingly discharged than a direct out-of-pocket payment to the armourer by the soldier. This seems to me to be very much on a par with the saddle soap incident, alluded to in my last notes.

For carelessness, or actual neglect, by all means hold the soldier solely responsible, and make him pay accordingly; but where damage occurs, through a man's inexperience or circumstances more or less beyond his control, a slight fine would seem to meet the requirements of the case.

Church-Going Parades. SEVERAL correspondents have drawn my attention to the irksomeness of attending divine service as at present carried out; they tell me that not only is full dress the order of the day, but that the inspection of the men before marching off the parade ground is often of considerable duration, so that all sorts of devices and expedients are resorted to to evade church going.

Would there be any objection I wonder to allowing the men to parade for church in undress and *without* arms; my own experience of standing to attention on a Sunday morning with sword at the "carry" and a heavy brass helmet on my head, which seemed to focus the burning rays of the sun on many a sultry summer day, are even now painfully reminiscent, and I fear our church-going in most instances did not do us the good it ought to.

The "various" denominations, as men belonging to religions, other than that of the Church of England division are called, used to get off best. I remember, there being only a few of each compared to the main body, they were often marched off by a non-commissioned officer without any prolonged preliminary inspection. On the subject of men making application to "change their religion" I could narrate one or two funny stories.

Drill Instructors and Recruits DRILL instructors have a "considerable deal to put up with" they are often wont to affirm, and there is no denying that the inaptitude of the average recruit is often enough to severely try the temper and patience of the best tempered man in the world.

Soft words are out of place on a barrack square or in a riding-school, perhaps, but I cannot help thinking that the habit of swearing at the men is still more objectionable, and is often apt to have the effect of disgusting a young fellow far more than causing him to try and do his best.

Tommy Atkins's language is often a bit full-flavoured, to put it mildly; but it would probably be considerably modified were not a pernicious example so often set in this direction by those placed in authority over him. He doesn't mean anything by it, it is only a way he has got into.

The Royal Engineers. SUCH a very large number of correspondents have replied to my invitation to appeal to me for such advice as lies in my power as to the choice of a regiment in which to serve, and such a large proportion have expressed a desire to join the Royal Engineers, that I cannot do better than give the following additional information to that set forth in the authorised pamphlet on recruiting, which has been kindly given me by an officer of the corps.

A young man joining the Engineers has, he informs me, every chance of doing well, the following being the trades most beneficial to advancement: Carpenter, smith, joiner, mason. The corps is also open for military mechanists who, if they succeed in passing a stiff examination, are at once made colour-sergeants.

The advantages offered to ordinary recruits after leaving their drills are (at the R.E. Institute, Chatham) schools for acquiring proficiency in drawing, photography, printing, survey, etc., etc. Those of my correspondents whose letters as to the choice of a corps I have not answered direct, may be glad of the above information.

Kites as War Implements. MILITARY ballooning has long been an established fact, but it seems that kites are also to be utilised in future warfare. The subject has received considerable attention at the hands of Lieut. Baden-Powell, an officer in the Scots Guards, who contends that a properly constituted kite of five hundred square feet, is capable of lifting and supporting a man.

But instead of their being used to any great extent in this way as a substitute for balloons, it seems probable that their utility will be more often directed as a means for signaling communications between bodies of troops; to hover over a given spot, and by means of a camera attachment, take snap shots of forts or fortifications immediately below, or to carry a torpedo with a view to dropping it over an enemy's position! I wonder what will be the next development in modern warfare.

Employment for Discharged Soldiers. I HAVE had numerous applications as to this, and for the benefit of others I may mention that a pamphlet is published at H.M. Stationery Office in London, and can be obtained on application, entitled, "Instructions as to the Civil Employment of Army Men and Discharged Soldiers." There are also, as I have stated, numerous institutions having the same object in view, and I shall be pleased to afford information as to any of them on application.

The necessity of making early application for civil employment, to which I have already alluded, is forcibly demonstrated in the following letter (one of many I have received): "He (speaking of a discharged soldier) has left the question of employment until nearly all his money is gone, and is now vainly trying to find a situation." I fear this is by no means an isolated case.

("Smoking Mixture" next week.)

"IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TIME" ASK P.W.

for one of those handsome English lever watches which are being given away each week. The man, woman, or child who asks most nicely shall have a watch. Now these watches are worth six guineas a-piece, which comes out of our pocket, so might I in all humbleness suggest that your request for a watch be accompanied by one shilling out of your (or somebody else's) pocket.

Our six guineas goes to a worthy object—*i.e.*, the fortunate reader of *P.W.* who wins the watch; your shilling goes to a much worthier object—you'll excuse the comparison, I know—THE FRESH AIR FUND, which provides a day's happiness for thousands and tens of thousands of children.

These are the complete conditions:

1. Ask as nicely as you can for the watch; send your request in by Tuesday, July 9th, together with your name and address.
2. Inclose one shilling for the F.A.F.
3. Mark the envelope with the word "Please."

The result of the first of these Competitions appears below:

£31 3s. 0d.

THIS is the splendid sum to hand for the FRESH AIR FUND, as a result of the competition for the first of the six-guinea watches which we are giving away. Each competitor was asked to say why the watch should become his or her property, and really, the reasons given were excellent throughout.

After very much cogitation of the editorial brain, watch No. 1 has been awarded to J. E. C. Jermyn, 32, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., for his reason: "I have worn my watch overboard twice whilst saving life at sea, thus damaging it, and need a new one."

I sincerely thank all competitors for the generous way in which they have entered this competition, and I trust that one unsuccessful attempt to win the watch will not dishearten them from trying again. The little trouble and expense to which they are being put will be amply atoned for by the infinite happiness given to the poor city children, for whom the F.A.F pleads.

MRS. MUGGS: "That horrid Mrs. Frills told Mrs. Nexdoor that I was a regular old cat. What do you think of that?"

Mr. Muggs: "I think she never saw you in the same room with a mouse."

THE New Woman is making her appearance even in our nurseries. The other day a lady was asked by some little girls to come and look at a bridal party of dolls, at whose wardrobe they had been assisting.

On viewing the pretty procession she ventured to inquire: "But where is the bridegroom?"

"Oh, we don't want any men," was the prompt reply.

To a third party it is sometimes surprising how much pride a large man can take in catching a small fish.

Two or three young men were exhibiting, with great satisfaction, the results of a day's fishing, whereupon a young woman remarked, very demurely:

"Fish go in schools, do they not?"

"I believe they do; but why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing, only I was just thinking that you must have broken up an infant class."

THERE were some clever ideas and some excellent sketches as a result of these ideas in our competition for illustrations of the proverb "Better late than never." The winners of the pencil-cases are:

D. E. Pender, Glengormley, Belfast; John F. Foster, 32, Portland Street, Mansfield Woodhouse, Notts; Miss Lottie Karsch, 62, Walham Grove, Walham Green, S.W.; Edward Wilson, 5, Royal Crescent, Edinburgh; H. P. Macdonald, 78, Rose Hill Terrace, Brighton, Sussex; J. R. Abercromby, The Retreat, Corstorphine, Midlothian; A. B. Knight, 161, Markhouse Avenue, Walthamstow; E. V. Ward, 149, Oxford Street, Manchester; J. H. Helps, Glenmore, Mervyn Road, Bishopston, Bristol; J. Earney, The Lodge, Brompton Hospital, S.W.; C. B. Johnstone, 6, St. Joseph's Terrace, Fairview, Dublin; G. Losack, 16, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.; M. M. Hill, Norfolk Lodge, Parchmore Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey; Mr. P. Wall, 35, Old Park Avenue, Belfast; G. Blake, 4, St. Martin's Terrace, Salisbury; Miss N. Beavon, Station Road, Desborough; J. W. Roebuck, 115, Chatsworth Street, Liverpool; James Husk, 1, Glendenis Terrace, Galashiels; P. W. Young, Woodbine Cottage, Bradwell, Derbyshire; Col.-Sergt. J. S. Steed, 1st Middlesex Regt., Aldershot; Arthur Briant, 37, Crane Court, Salisbury; W. Sheppard, Ashwood House, Kingswinford, Staffs.; W. Robinson, 2, Byron Place, Leatherhead; R. C. Miller, 39, Wedmore Gardens, Upper Holloway, N.; J. Mason, 161, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.; Melville Davis, 17, Windsor Street, Swansea; A. N. Jones, 14, Janet Street, Edge Hill, Liverpool; J. Chisholm, 1, Stow Place, Paisley, N.B.; H. Haworth, 12, Warstone Terrace, Rookery Road, Handsworth, Birmingham; R. E. Ellett, 11, Spencer Road, New Wandsworth, S.W.; Miss J. Graham, 4, Epworth Street, Belfast; Dr. Akerman, The Cot, Salisbury; A. C. Derby, 212, Stanhope Street, N.W.; J. Roberts, 42, Great Western Road, Glasgow; W. Lacey, 11, Milner Street, Chelsea, S.W.; G. Reynolds, Ward House, Leyton; D. Harley, c.o. Mr. Brown, 18, Marshall Street, Edinburgh; R. C. Ivens, 38, Elsham Road, Kensington; A. McGrouther, 10, Myrtle Street, Glasgow; G. Lee, 7, Gordon Street, Chorley, Lancs.; Edward Page, 18, Four Posts Hill, Southampton; Miss Clara Topping, 62, Victoria Road, Stroud Green, N.; E. R. Pyatt, 6, Balmer Street, Woodhouse Carr, Leeds; W. Johnstone, 45, Oakfield Road, Anfield, Liverpool; H. Grisham, 6, Victoria Street, Ryde, I. of W.; H. S. Reeve, 81, Stanhope Street, Euston Road, N.W.; Charles Mean, 28, Mowbray Street, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Alfred Smith, 34, Villiers Grove, Liverpool; George Scott, 48, Stanhope Street, Euston Road, London; C. Clark, 184, New Kent Road, S.E.

The "Gloucester Journal" says: "Number 9 of PEARSON'S LIBRARY is entitled A BITTER INHERITANCE. It is about a mysterious and horrible secret closely affecting the life and happiness of the heroine, and which is carefully preserved until the end of the story. The reader who can resist spoiling the tale by prematurely referring to the final chapters for the key to the mystery may regard himself or herself as possessed of a strong will."

Now First Published.]

VALDAR THE OFT-BORN.

A Saga of Seven Ages.

By GEORGE GRIFFITH.

Author of "The Angel of the Revolution," "The Syren of the Skies," "The Outlaws of the Air," &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. L. P.

SUMMARY.

In the Prologue Valdar tells how he brought the Fates to Asgard of the Gods, and so ended the Golden Age, and how for this he was condemned to become a mortal, and wander alone through many ages on earth, and how Brenda, his beloved, vowed she would share his doom.

The fulfilment of his doom begins in Armen, the land of the Children of the Sword. In the City of the Sword he finds Ilma, Queen of Armen, whom he dimly recognises as having known in some other world, or other state of existence. Valdar meets Nimrod in single combat. In the end Ilma and Valdar are overtaken by the Simoom.

Two thousand years after, Valdar awakes and finds only the crumbling dust of Ilma's bones by his side. At the new Nineveh he comes before Tiglath, and for the price of a splendid coat of mail and a sword like unto his own, he receives from Tiglath a beautiful girl, Zillah, the very likeness of his lost Ilma. Zillah is a twin-sister of Balkis, the Queen of the South, and has been betrayed by Balkis and sold as a slave. The two sisters meet at the court of Solomon; Zillah forgives Balkis and together with Valdar they journey home. Zillah marries Valdar, but on their wedding night Balkis slays her sister and takes her place. Valdar discovers what has happened, and just as he is about to slay the false Balkis, he fades away into the mists of death.

In Egypt, after a thousand years, and in the presence of Cleopatra, the high-priest Amenophis brings Valdar to life again. He performs great deeds of valour in the momentous conflicts that Cleopatra brings upon the world. After many travels he witnesses the Supreme Tragedy on Calvary, and dies at the foot of the Cross recognising his lost love in her who comes forward from the throng.

At his next awakening Valdar is a follower of Mohammed, and Zoraida, who is killed in battle, is the re-incarnation of Brenda.

When Valdar next awakes, in 1190 A.D., he meets with some sea-rovers from the north. He goes home to Ivarsheim with them and there meets Brenda the Lily, another re-incarnation of his lost love. Valdar leads a band of Northmen to the Crusades. Brenda dies of fever, and with her dead body by his side, Valdar drifts away to his doom.

Again Valdar comes to life in England in Elizabeth's reign at the home of Sir Phillip Carew, whose sister Kate is Brenda's own image. These three decide to equip ships and fight the Dons.

CHAPTER XLIII.

SIR VALDAR AT COURT.

A LEAN, sharp-featured woman, with coarse, red hair, and small greenish-blue eyes, dressed in garments of splendid fabrics, yet of the grotesquest shape that ever insulted the fair form of womanhood, and seated in an ample arm-chair beneath a canopy in a spacious chamber richly and yet plainly furnished, surrounded by a brilliant throng of men without a woman amongst them save herself—so appeared to me, as the ushers halted us at the door of the audience-room, the great Elizabeth, that "Good Queen Bess," as you still fondly call her in spite of all that many chroniclers have done to smirch her fame; that strong-souled woman in whose hands the Fates had placed the English sceptre in those dark and troublous times when the fate, not alone of England, but of all Europe and half the world besides, hung trembling in the balance between freedom and slavery.

As we halted among the others who were waiting at the door, a little, thick-set, bull-necked man, with fair hair and clear, quick, laughing blue eyes, sun-bronzed skin, a little moustache, and short, pointed beard which seemed to make his cheeks look even rounder than they were, came strutting with short strides down the hall, and shook hands with Sir Phillip, bidding him in a deep, clear, ringing voice that would have become a man twice his size:

"Welcome to the maze of dark ways and crooked turnings."

When they had shaken hands, Sir Phillip, with all the ceremony of the time, presented me to him, and then to my utter amaze I learnt that this was Francis Drake. This jovial, fat-cheeked, squat-built, little man, whose forehead scarce came to a level with my breast, was that great Englishman who first of all his nation had sailed round the world; the man whose name was even then ringing from land to land and sea to sea in tones of laud or terror, as it was uttered by friend or foe; this was the greatest sea-captain the world had ever seen, a man so terrible in battle that his enemies believed him more than man, he who never had been and never was to be defeated—this was Francis Drake.

As I looked down upon him from the height of my own giant stature I thought of Nimrod and Tiglath, of stalwart Derar and mighty Lionheart, and wondered what kind of figure he would cut beside them, and then I blushed for my own folly as I thought next of that little, spare, puny-looking man with the eagle eyes and strong square jaw who, fifteen hundred years before, I had seen on the utmost pinnacle of earthly glory, with his masterful grasp on more than half the world.

"So this is your friend, Sir Phillip," he said, putting his head back and looking up at me. "And he has bought him a fleet and wants to go a-privateering with me to the Spanish Main, or where else the grace of Heaven and the wisdom of our mistress may send us. Well, well, he is a goodly man, if somewhat big for a sailor.

"I mean no discourtesy, Sir Valdar," he went on, now eyeing me from head to foot. "But somehow I can picture you better armed cap-à-pie in chain and plate and mounted on a big war-horse, charging with Richard at Ascalon or Henry at Agincourt, than I can fancy you pointing a gun or leading a boarding party. Still, that is but my fancy and bad manners to boot, and the giving of unasked opinions is not presently my errand. Our Sovereign Lady has bidden me bring you and Sir Phillip to kiss her royal hand, and methinks you need have little doubt of your reception, for, with all respect, there is no better judge of manhood in the world. And now, an't please you, come along, for Her Majesty is also the worst waiter in the world."

He said the last words in a low, rumbling growl as we moved away from the group at the door. As Sir Phillip and I followed him I thought how some day I would tell him—as I did one not far distant night, on a calm, moonlit sea—of Actium and Pelusium; of my raidings with my old Gothic sea-wolves, and our voyages over the unknown ocean to that world which he called new, and which we had seen and trodden a millennium and a half before.

But, swift as these thoughts were, there was but brief space for them before we reached the foot of the throne, and Sir Phillip and I fell in turn on bended knee before the Majesty of England.

She gave me her hand to kiss, and when she had bidden me rise she looked at me with a keen, searching glance that seemed to read my inmost thoughts—Gods, what would she have done had she in truth been able to do so!—and then she said, in a high-pitched voice that jarred harshly on my ears from a woman's lips:

"Sir Valdar of Ivarsheim—a name and title both foreign, are they not? We, for certain, have never heard either of them before."

"Yes, Majesty," I replied, "both are foreign, yet I take both from the land whence sprang that great ancestor of thine, whom the world still calls 'Conqueror.'"

"A seemly answer," she said, "though given in a tongue that has a strange, old-fashioned ring about it. And your title, whence had you that—by inheritance, or as the reward of some brave deed performed with that strong right hand and arm of yours?"

It was on my lips to tell her the truth, but ere I spoke there flashed through my brain the warning thought of how those gay courtiers and grave statesmen who stood about her would shrink and stare, and, perchance, as nearly laugh me to scorn as the royal presence would permit them, and how Elizabeth herself might, and with good-seeming reason, take me for a liar or a madman, and ruin our enterprise by ordering me from her presence forthright, were I to tell how her own ancestor, Richard Plantagenet, had knighted me on the Syrian battle-field, and so, bowing my head before her, I replied:

"Royal England, the title that I bear was won with the sword, and is already ten generations old, since it takes its rise from the time of the Holy Wars."

"Then your name, Sir Valdar, is more honourable than it is familiar to us, yet I doubt not that it has descended to a worthy scion who ere long will give us due cause to know it. We hear from our trusty admiral, Sir Francis Drake, that at your own cost and risk you have equipped a squadron with which you crave our royal licence to put to sea on certain ventures to which you expect some profit to attach. Is that not so?"

"Yes, Majesty, it is," I replied. "Yet our aim is not alone for profit, but rather before that the protection of this ancient realm, the confounding of its enemies, and such increase of the glory of its gracious mistress as the favour of Heaven and the wisdom of Royal England may vouchsafe to us."

As I spoke I saw the eyes of the courtiers about her throne widen, while some brows frowned and some lips curved into smiles which were half sneers, but over Drake's face there spread such a smile as no true man could but love to see, for, as I knew afterwards, my speech was after his own heart, and, as with his own lips he told me, he loved me for it, there and then.

But Elizabeth's face was such a riddle as I never saw before or since. Her brows were frowning, her lips were striving with a smile, and her eyes were twinkling and sparkling, and on either cheek a faint red glow was struggling through the pallor of her sallow skin. She laid her elbow on the arm of her chair, and resting her pointed chin on the upturned palm of her hand, she saved herself, as I verily believe, from laughing outright by saying:

"Those are brave and gallant words, Sir Valdar, not often heard in courts, though it may be that such princes and rulers as you have been accustomed to stand before, have been more familiar with plain speaking than we are, yet we must tell you for your information that as war hath so far been declared between ourselves and any of our royal cousins of Europe, so it is scarce fitting to speak of enemies of this realm and us.

"Yet, as our good admiral here can tell you better than we can, there are many seas and unclaimed lands where stout hearts and strong arms such as yours and his and your good friend, Sir Phillip Carew's, also, may win both wealth for yourselves and some glory for the flag you fly; wherefore, subject to the conditions that shall be arranged by our good Secretary Walsingham, and our most excellent Chancellor and adviser the Lord of Burleigh, you shall have our royal licence and permission to use the ships and equipment you have provided for all just and lawful ends on the high seas, and wherever else your fortune or the winds of heaven may lead you; and we doubt not that against the wild savages and such other enemies of the peace and quiet of the world as you may meet in your adventures you will acquit yourselves as men, not forgetting the honour of the flag you fly. And now you may hold yourselves released from further attendance upon us for the present.

"My Lord Burleigh," she went on, turning to a portly, grave-faced old gentleman with broad brow and steady, cautious eyes, who stood on her right hand, "you have heard what we have said, and from our words you will take our instructions in this matter. My Lord Admiral, Sir Francis Drake, since you have conducted these gentlemen to our presence, it may be fitting that you should lead them hence and see to their comfort till they return to their ships."

We made obeisance and kissed hands again, and Sir Francis took his farewell, too, in like manner on bended knee, and when he rose and had backed aside from the direct line of the royal presence I saw that his eyes were twinkling and his jaws set firm to save himself from laughing outright.

Then other seekers of audience came forward with their introducers, and the three of us made downwards towards the door. As we reached it I stopped a moment and looked back towards the throne, and saw Elizabeth following us with her eyes, and, by the Gods! but for the difference in face and form I could have sworn that it was Cleopatra's own soul that was looking at us out of those mysterious blue-green eyes of hers.

We turned and made our last obeisance to the throne, and then passed through the door. As we came into the ante-room I saw amidst the crowd that was waiting for entrance a young fellow of some two or three-and-twenty years, whose face, clear cut in every feature and stamped in every line with that mysterious mark which Nature sets upon her chosen sons and daughters, arrested my glance, and held it instantly as though by some spell wrought by the soul that looked up at me out of his clear grey eyes.

"Who is that man, Sir Phillip?" I whispered, taking him by the shoulder.

"I know not; but perchance you do, Sir Francis?"

"Nay, I know him no more than you do," laughed the great admiral. "But here is one who doubtless does," he said, catching an usher by the arm and saying to him, in an undertone: "'Who is yonder lad with the handsome face and high white forehead, dressed in country garb, standing by Sir Thomas Fitzalan?'"

"That, most noble admiral," said the usher, bowing low before the greatest man in England, and taking a look meanwhile at a written list in his hand, "is one named William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, a country lad who would fain follow in the footsteps of Her Most Gracious Majesty's sweetest of singers, Master Edmund Spenser, and he hath come hither to-day craving an audience that he may lay at the feet of the Queen's Majesty some idle ode or other doggerel, whose only recommendation can be that it is designed, however unworthily, to so duteous and laudable a purpose."

"Then, saving the presence of all here," I said, moved by that same impulse which many a time before had made me speak without my will, "there is that in William Shakespeare's face which tells me that in days to come no English name will stand much higher than his."

"My lord is pleased to prophesy," said the usher, again bowing low, this time to the friend of Francis Drake, "yet this Will Shakespeare is but one of many others who come hither on like errands, and go away again to lose themselves amidst the meanness of their own low-born obscurity."

I turned my back on the smooth-spoken, fawning jack-in-office, and, taking a couple of strides across the room to where Will Shakespeare stood, I held out my hand to him and said:

"You are William Shakespeare, as I am told, a poet in search of royal favour. There is a hand that has grasped those of kings and conquerors. Unless your face belies your genius, as faces seldom do, it will be honoured if you lay yours in it. I am a soldier of fortune and you a servant of the Muses, almost as fickle mistresses. So we may well shake hands, if you will."

He looked up at me with a swift, searching glance, that glance which was destined to read the inmost thoughts of human hearts as they were never read before and maybe never will be again, and then he put his hand in mine and said:

"No greeting can be kindlier than that which comes spontaneous from the kindly heart of one stranger to another. I thank you, sir, whoever you are, and if ever I can repay this kindness, poor though I be now, yet shall not the will be wanting to do so."

"Thou wilt do it," I said, "in this age or another, or I, who have seen Cæsar and Virgil, Ovid and Cicero, face to face, have never seen a poet yet on earth."

This last was spoken in a whisper that only reached his ear, and ere the stare of blank amazement had faded from his face I had wrung his hand and turned away and left him—the greatest of the great that was to be in all the gallant times of Great Elizabeth. Yet as we left the ante-room I laid my hand on the great admiral's shoulder and said:

"Sir Francis, if ever I shall earn a favour from you repay it to me by keeping a kindly eye on yonder youth, for some voice within me tells me that in the days to come few will do more for England's glory than he will."

"Why, that I will right willingly, Sir Valdar," he rolled out, with his jovial laugh. "It is a small thing to ask at most, for, though but a plain man myself, I ever loved a good poet; but you have already deserved much more of me than that for, on the faith of a good Englishman, I tell you that when you won that gracious speech from our sweet sovereign lady, you won permission for you and me to do a deed that ere long the world shall ring with: and for that I would take twenty poets into the royal favour if I could."

"Who does the best his circumstances allow does well, acts nobly—angels could do no more."—*Young.*
Won't you do your best for the F.A.F.

A Personal Explanation.

A NUMBER of letters have reached me requesting information of no general interest to other than the writers themselves, and signed under a *nom de plume*, without giving in addition the writer's real name and address; if the individuals concerned will write to me again, giving the above details, so as to enable me to reply direct, I shall be very pleased to do so. I may mention again, that any and every communication I receive is regarded as strictly private and confidential, and whenever possible a reply will be sent.

As to the Conveyance of Deserters.

BY the Queen's Regulations, Section VI., Par. 211, it is laid down: "A soldier should never be marched in military custody through the streets, unless such a course is absolutely unavoidable, but a *covered* conveyance (the italics are my own) should be provided, as directed in paragraph 207." A very excellent regulation my readers will, I am sure, admit; but what I want to know is, does a Hansom cab constitute a covered conveyance as intended by the regulation above referred to?

My reason for asking is that a few days ago in London—the exact locality need not be specified—I saw about mid-day a Hansom cab going towards a barracks, in which were seated a non-commissioned officer and private—presumably an escort—with a young fellow in civilian attire, working-class, seated on their knees, and from one or two details which commended themselves to my notice, I do not think I was wrong in surmising that the man was a deserter being conveyed to barracks under escort. If my supposition be correct, I cannot help thinking that it would have been better to have chartered a four-wheeler for the journey. In the same way some little time ago I noticed a deserter (with handcuffs on) at an important London railway junction, sitting for over half an hour on a seat between the two men composing his escort.

Doubtless there was good reason for observing the precaution taken, but in this case, as well as the foregoing, the exercise of a little kindly tact would have led to the man being kept in one of the waiting-rooms out of sight as much as possible.

The Prevention of Desertion.

WHILST on the subject of deserters, at the risk of giving offence, I feel compelled to put forward a suggestion—not, I know, by any means a novel one, which would, if acted upon, effectually check the continual re-enlistment which it is well known goes on by men who desert from one corps, apparently with no other object than to gain a new outfit by joining another. (N.B.—The total number of men who deserted in 1894 was 3,958, of these 1,833 rejoined, and 184 were detected as having fraudulently re-enlisted.)

My suggestion is, that without returning to the obsolete and barbarous system which used to be in our army, of *branding* a deserter with a D, or a soldier discharged from the service with ignominy, with the letters B.C. (bad character), a slight, but nevertheless, *indelible* mark be made by means of tattooing in an inconspicuous part of the body—say underneath the right arm, high up—and consequently quite out of sight to any ordinary observer, but nevertheless there, as an effectual deterrent against fraudulent re-enlistment; and I would even go a step further, and make it compulsory on a man purchasing his discharge from the army to be similarly marked—with a different symbol, of course—my experience being that many young fellows join the army, induce their relatives after a short time to buy them out (often at considerable inconvenience when money is a matter of consideration), and then having again tired of civil life re-enlist with possibly the same result.

Now, this is not so much a military as a civilian grievance, but I know instances in which it has occurred, and in which it has been the means of much personal inconvenience to those mainly concerned, and the sooner steps are taken to check the evil the better.

Accidental Damages to Arms to be paid for by the Soldiers.

AN EX-HUSSAR (who took his discharge since 1891) gives me an instance of what I cannot but think is a decided hardship. He writes: "Should you be unlucky enough to get your carbine choked up with rag when cleaning out after a lot of firing, it will cost you, or used to men in my regiment, a shilling to get it drilled out by the Armourer Sergeant. Now this is more than an average day's pay, and I don't think a man should be asked to pay so much for an accident that may happen any time, no matter how careful he is, if his carbine is extra foul."

I must confess that to me this seems a legitimate grievance, which only wants to be brought to the notice of commanding officers to be removed. And I would suggest, as an alternative, that a deduction or stoppage from a man's pay of, say 3d., for such a service as the above would meet the case, and would be much more willingly discharged than a direct out-of-pocket payment to the armourer by the soldier. This seems to me to be very much on a par with the saddle soap incident, alluded to in my last notes.

For carelessness, or actual neglect, by all means hold the soldier solely responsible, and make him pay accordingly; but where damage occurs, through a man's in-

Parades.

attending divine service as at present carried out; they tell me that not only is full dress the order of the day, but that the inspection of the men before marching off the parade ground is often of considerable duration, so that all sorts of devices and expedients are resorted to to evade church going.

Would there be any objection I wonder to allowing the men to parade for church in undress and *without* arms; my own experience of standing to attention on a Sunday morning with sword at the "carry" and a heavy brass helmet on my head, which seemed to focus the burning rays of the sun on many a sultry summer day, are even now painfully reminiscent, and I fear our church-going in most instances did not do us the good it ought to.

The "various" denominations, as men belonging to religions, other than that of the Church of England division are called, used to get off best. I remember, there being only a few of each compared to the main body, they were often marched off by a non-commissioned officer without any prolonged preliminary inspection. On the subject of men making application to "change their religion" I could narrate one or two funny stories.

Drill Instructors and Recruits

DRILL instructors have a "considerable deal to put up with" they are often wont to affirm, and there is no denying that the inaptitude of the average recruit is often enough to severely try the temper and patience of the best tempered man in the world.

Soft words are out of place on a barrack square or in a riding-school, perhaps, but I cannot help thinking that the habit of swearing at the men is still more objectionable, and is often apt to have the effect of disgusting a young fellow far more than causing him to try and do his best.

Tommy Atkins's language is often a bit full-flavoured, to put it mildly; but it would probably be considerably modified were not a pernicious example so often set in this direction by those placed in authority over him. He doesn't mean anything by it, it is only a way he has got into.

The Royal Engineers.

SUCH a very large number of correspondents have replied to my invitation to appeal to me for such advice as lies in my power as to the choice of a regiment in which to serve, and such a large proportion have expressed a desire to join the Royal Engineers, that I cannot do better than give the following additional information to that set forth in the authorised pamphlet on recruiting, which has been kindly given me by an officer of the corps.

A young man joining the Engineers has, he informs me, every chance of doing well, the following being the trades most beneficial to advancement: Carpenter, smith, joiner, mason. The corps is also open for military mechanists who, if they succeed in passing a stiff examination, are at once made colour-sergeants.

The advantages offered to ordinary recruits after leaving their drills are (at the R.E. Institute, Chatham) schools for acquiring proficiency in drawing, photography, printing, survey, etc., etc. Those of my correspondents whose letters as to the choice of a corps I have not answered direct, may be glad of the above information.

Kites as War Implements.

MILITARY ballooning has long been an established fact, but it seems that kites are also to be utilised in future warfare. The subject has received considerable attention at the hands of Lieut. Baden-Powell, an officer in the Scots Guards, who contends that a properly constituted kite of five hundred square feet, is capable of lifting and supporting a man.

But instead of their being used to any great extent in this way as a substitute for balloons, it seems probable that their utility will be more often directed as a means for signaling communications between bodies of troops; to hover over a given spot, and by means of a camera attachment, take snap shots of forts or fortifications immediately below, or to carry a torpedo with a view to dropping it over an enemy's position! I wonder what will be the next development in modern warfare.

Employment for Discharged Soldiers.

I HAVE had numerous applications as to this, and for the benefit of others I may mention that a pamphlet is published at H.M. Stationery Office in London, and can be obtained on application, entitled, "Instructions as to the Civil Employment of Army Men and Discharged Soldiers." There are also, as I have stated, numerous institutions having the same object in view, and I shall be pleased to afford information as to any of them on application.

The necessity of making early application for civil employment, to which I have already alluded, is forcibly demonstrated in the following letter (one of many I have received): "He (speaking of a discharged soldier) has left the question of employment until nearly all his money is gone, and is now vainly trying to find a situation." I fear this is by no means an isolated case.

(*"Smoking Mixture" next week.*)

shall have a watch. Now these ... guineas a-piece, which comes out of our pocket, so might I in all humbleness suggest that your request for a watch be accompanied by one shilling out of your (or somebody else's) pocket.

Our six guineas goes to a worthy object—*i.e.*, the fortunate reader of *P.W.* who wins the watch; your shilling goes to a much worthier object—you'll excuse the comparison, I know—THE FRESH AIR FUND, which provides a day's happiness for thousands and tens of thousands of children.

These are the complete conditions:

1. Ask as nicely as you can for the watch; send your request in by Tuesday, July 9th, together with your name and address.
2. Inclose one shilling for the F.A.F.
3. Mark the envelope with the word "Please."

The result of the first of these Competitions appears below:

£31 3s. 0d.

THIS is the splendid sum to hand for the FRESH AIR FUND, as a result of the competition for the first of the six-guinea watches which we are giving away. Each competitor was asked to say why the watch should become his or her property, and really, the reasons given were excellent throughout.

After very much cogitation of the editorial brain, watch No. 1 has been awarded to J. E. C. Jermyn, 32, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., for his reason: "I have worn my watch overboard twice whilst saving life at sea, thus damaging it, and need a new one."

I sincerely thank all competitors for the generous way in which they have entered this competition, and I trust that one unsuccessful attempt to win the watch will not dishearten them from trying again. The little trouble and expense to which they are being put will be amply atoned for by the infinite happiness given to the poor city children, for whom the F.A.F pleads.

MRS. MUGGS: "That horrid Mrs. Frills told Mrs. Nexdoor that I was a regular old cat. What do you think of that?"

Mr. Muggs: "I think she never saw you in the same room with a mouse."

THE New Woman is making her appearance even in our nurseries. The other day a lady was asked by some little girls to come and look at a bridal party of dolls, at whose wardrobe they had been assisting.

On viewing the pretty procession she ventured to inquire: "But where is the bridegroom?"

"Oh, we don't want any men," was the prompt reply.

To a third party it is sometimes surprising how much pride a large man can take in catching a small fish.

Two or three young men were exhibiting, with great satisfaction, the results of a day's fishing, whereupon a young woman remarked, very demurely:

"Fish go in schools, do they not?"

"I believe they do; but why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing, only I was just thinking that you must have broken up an infant class."

THERE were some clever ideas and some excellent sketches as a result of these ideas in our competition for illustrations of the proverb "Better late than never." The winners of the pencil-cases are:

D. E. Pender, Glengormley, Belfast; John F. Foster, 22, Portland Street, Mansfield Woodhouse, Notts; Miss Lottie Karsch, 63, Walham Grove, Walham Green, S.W.; Edward Wilson, 5, Royal Crescent, Edinburgh; H. P. Macdonald, 79, Rose Hill Terrace, Brighton, Sussex; J. R. Abercromby, The Retreat, Corstorphine, Midlothian; A. R. Knight, 101, Markhouse Avenue, Walthamstow; E. V. Ward, 149, Oxford Street, Manchester; J. H. Helps, Glenmore, Mervyn Road, Bishopston, Bristol; J. Earney, The Lodge, Brompton Hospital, S.W.; C. B. Johnstone, 6, St. Joseph's Terrace, Fairview, Dublin; G. Losack, 10, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.; M. M. Hill, Norfolk Lodge, Parchmore Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey; Mr. P. Wall, 25, Old Park Avenue, Belfast; G. Blake, 4, St. Martin's Terrace, Salisbury; Miss N. Beavon, Station Road, Desborough; J. W. Roebuck, 115, Chatsworth Street, Liverpool; James Huck, 1, Glendenis Terrace, Galashiels; P. W. Young, Woodbine Cottage, Bradwell, Derbyshire; Col.-Sergt. J. S. Steed, 1st Middlesex Regt., Aldershot; Arthur Briant, 87, Crane Court, Salisbury; W. Sheppard, Ashwood House, Kingswinford, Staffs.; W. Robinson, 2, Byron Place, Leatherhead; R. C. Miller, 32, Wedmore Gardens, Upper Holloway, N.; J. Mason, 161, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.; Melville Davis, 17, Windsor Street, Swansea; A. N. Jones, 14, Janet Street, Edge Hill, Liverpool; J. Chisholm, 1, Stow Place, Paisley, N.B.; H. Hawcraft, 13, Warstone Terrace, Rookery Road, Handsworth, Birmingham; R. E. Ellett, 11, Spencer Road, New Wandsworth, S.W.; Miss J. Graham, 4, Epworth Street, Belfast; Dr. Akerman, The Oct, Salisbury; A. C. Derby, 212, Stanhope Street, N.W.; J. Roberts, 42, Great Western Road, Glasgow; W. Lacey, 11, Milner Street, Chelsea, S.W.; G. Reynolds, Ward House, Leyton; D. Harley, c.o. Mr. Brown, 16, Marshall Street, Edinburgh; R. C. Ivens, 53, Elsham Road, Kensington; A. McGrouther, 10, Myrtle Street, Glasgow; G. Lee, 7, Garden Street, Chorley, Lancs.; Edward Page, 19, Four Posts Hill, Southampton; Miss Clara Topping, 24, Victoria Road, Stroud Green, N.; E. R. Evatt, 3, Bulmer Street, Woodhouse Carr, Leeds; W. Johnstone, 53, Oakfield Road, Enfield, Liverpool; H. Grisham, 4, Victoria Street, Ryde, I. of W.; H. S. Reeve, 21, Stanhope Street, Euston Road, N.W.; Charles Mann, 28, Mowbray Street, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Alfred Smith, 24, Village Grove, Liverpool; George Scott, 40, Stanhope Street, Euston Road, London; C. Clark, 154, New Kent Road, S.E.

The "Gloucester Journal" says: "Number 9 of PEARSON'S LIBRARY is entitled A BITTER INHERITANCE. It is about a mysterious and horrible secret closely affecting the life and happiness of the heroine, and which is carefully preserved until the end of the story. The reader who can resist spoiling the tale by prematurely referring to the final chapters for the key to the mystery may regard himself or herself as possessed of a strong will."

[Now First Published.]

VALDAR THE OFT-BORN.

A Saga of Seven Ages.

By GEORGE GRIFFITH.

Author of "The Angel of the Revolution," "The Syren of the Skies," "The Outlaws of the Air," &c.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. L. P.

SUMMARY.

In the Prologue Valdar tells how he brought the Fates to Asgard of the Gods, and so ended the Golden Age, and how for this he was condemned to become a mortal, and wander alone through many ages on earth, and how Brenda, his beloved, vowed she would share his doom.

The fulfilment of his doom begins in Armen, the land of the Children of the Sword. In the City of the Sword he finds Ilma, Queen of Armen, whom he dimly recognises as having known in some other world, or other state of existence. Valdar meets Nimrod in single combat. In the end Ilma and Valdar are overtaken by the Simoom.

Two thousand years after, Valdar awakes and finds only the crumbling dust of Ilma's bones by his side. At the new Nineveh he comes before Tiglath, and for the price of a splendid coat of mail and a sword like unto his own, he receives from Tiglath a beautiful girl, Zillah, the very likeness of his lost Ilma. Zillah is a twin-sister of Balkis, the Queen of the South, and has been betrayed by Balkis and sold as a slave. The two sisters meet at the court of Solomon; Zillah forgives Balkis and together with Valdar they journey home. Zillah marries Valdar, but on their wedding night Balkis slays her sister and takes her place. Valdar discovers what has happened, and just as he is about to slay the false Balkis, he fades away into the mists of death.

In Egypt, after a thousand years, and in the presence of Cleopatra, the high-priest Amenphis brings Valdar to life again. He performs great deeds of valour in the momentous conflicts that Cleopatra brings upon the world. After many travels he witnesses the Supreme Tragedy on Calvary, and dies at the foot of the Cross recognising his lost love in her who comes forward from the throng.

At his next awakening Valdar is a follower of Mohammed, and Zoraida, who is killed in battle, is the re-incarnation of Brenda.

When Valdar next awakes, in 1190 A.D., he meets with some sea-rovers from the north. He goes home to Ivarsheim with them and there meets Brenda the Lily, another re-incarnation of his lost love. Valdar leads a band of Northmen to the Crusades. Brenda dies of fever, and with her dead body by his side, Valdar drifts away to his doom.

Again Valdar comes to life in England in Elizabeth's reign at the home of Sir Phillip Carew, whose sister Kate is Brenda's own image. These three decide to equip ships and fight the Dons.

CHAPTER XLIII.

SIR VALDAR AT COURT.

A LEAN, sharp-featured woman, with coarse, red hair, and small greenish-blue eyes, dressed in garments of splendid fabrics, yet of the grotesquest shape that ever insulted the fair form of womanhood, and seated in an ample arm-chair beneath a canopy in a spacious chamber richly and yet plainly furnished, surrounded by a brilliant throng of men without a woman amongst them save herself—so appeared to me, as the ushers halted us at the door of the audience-room, the great Elizabeth, that "Good Queen Bess," as you still fondly call her in spite of all that many chroniclers have done to smirch her fame; that strong-souled woman in whose hands the Fates had placed the English sceptre in those dark and troublous times when the fate, not alone of England, but of all Europe and half the world besides, hung trembling in the balance between freedom and slavery.

As we halted among the others who were waiting at the door, a little, thick-set, bull-necked man, with fair hair and clear, quick, laughing blue eyes, sun-bronzed skin, a little moustache, and short, pointed beard which seemed to make his cheeks look even rounder than they were, came strutting with short strides down the hall, and shook hands with Sir Phillip, bidding him in a deep, clear, ringing voice that would have become a man twice his size:

"Welcome to the maze of dark ways and crooked turnings."

When they had shaken hands, Sir Phillip, with all the ceremony of the time, presented me to him, and then to my utter amaze I learnt that this was Francis Drake. This jovial, fat-cheeked, squat-built, little man, whose forehead scarce came to a level with my breast, was that great Englishman who first of all his nation had sailed round the world; the man whose name was even then ringing from land to land and sea to sea in tones of laud or terror, as it was uttered by friend or foe; this was the greatest sea-captain the world had ever seen, a man so terrible in battle that his enemies believed him more than man, he who never had been and never was to be defeated—this was Francis Drake.

As I looked down upon him from the height of my own giant stature I thought of Nimrod and Tiglath, of stalwart Derar and mighty Lionheart, and wondered what kind of figure he would cut beside them, and then I blushed for my own folly as I thought next of that little, spare, puny-looking man with the eagle eyes and strong square jaw who, fifteen hundred years before, I had seen on the utmost pinnacle of earthly glory, with his masterful grasp on more than half the world.

"So this is your friend, Sir Phillip," he said, putting his head back and looking up at me. "And he has bought him a fleet and wants to go a-privateering with me to the Spanish Main, or where else the grace of Heaven and the wisdom of our mistress may send us. Well, well, he is a goodly man, if somewhat big for a sailor.

"I mean no discourtesy, Sir Valdar," he went on, now eyeing me from head to foot. "But somehow I can picture you better armed cap-à-pie in chain and plate and mounted on a big war-horse, charging with Richard at Ascalon or Henry at Agincourt, than I can fancy you pointing a gun or leading a boarding party. Still, that is but my fancy and bad manners to boot, and the giving of unasked opinions is not presently my errand. Our Sovereign Lady has bidden me bring you and Sir Phillip to kiss her royal hand, and methinks you need have little doubt of your reception, for, with all respect, there is no better judge of manhood in the world. And now, an't please you, come along, for Her Majesty is also the worst waiter in the world."

He said the last words in a low, rumbling growl as we moved away from the group at the door. As Sir Phillip and I followed him I thought how some day I would tell him—as I did one not far distant night, on a calm, moonlit sea—of Actium and Pelusium; of my raidings with my old Gothic sea-wolves, and our voyages over the unknown ocean to that world which he called new, and which we had seen and trodden a millennium and a half before.

But, swift as these thoughts were, there was but brief space for them before we reached the foot of the throne, and Sir Phillip and I fell in turn on bended knee before the Majesty of England.

She gave me her hand to kiss, and when she had bidden me rise she looked at me with a keen, searching glance that seemed to read my inmost thoughts—Gods, what would she have done had she in truth been able to do so!—and then she said, in a high-pitched voice that jarred harshly on my ears from a woman's lips:

"Sir Valdar of Ivarsheim—a name and title both foreign, are they not? We, for certain, have never heard either of them before."

"Yes, Majesty," I replied, "both are foreign, yet I take both from the land whence sprang that great ancestor of thine, whom the world still calls 'Conqueror.'"

"A seemly answer," she said, "though given in a tongue that has a strange, old-fashioned ring about it. And your title, whence had you that—by inheritance, or as the reward of some brave deed performed with that strong right hand and arm of yours?"

It was on my lips to tell her the truth, but ere I spoke there flashed through my brain the warning thought of how those gay courtiers and grave statesmen who stood about her would shrink and stare, and, perchance, as nearly laugh me to scorn as the royal presence would permit them, and how Elizabeth herself might, and with good-seeming reason, take me for a liar or a madman, and ruin our enterprise by ordering me from her presence forthright, were I to tell how her own ancestor, Richard Plantagenet, had knighted me on the Syrian battle-field, and so, bowing my head before her, I replied:

"Royal England, the title that I bear was won with the sword, and is already ten generations old, since it takes its rise from the time of the Holy Wars."

"Then your name, Sir Valdar, is more honourable than it is familiar to us, yet I doubt not that it has descended to a worthy scion who ere long will give us due cause to know it. We hear from our trusty admiral, Sir Francis Drake, that at your own cost and risk you have equipped a squadron with which you crave our royal licence to put to sea on certain ventures to which you expect some profit to attach. Is that not so?"

"Yes, Majesty, it is," I replied. "Yet our aim is not alone for profit, but rather before that the protection of this ancient realm, the confounding of its enemies, and such increase of the glory of its gracious mistress as the favour of Heaven and the wisdom of Royal England may vouchsafe to us."

As I spoke I saw the eyes of the courtiers about her throne widen, while some brows frowned and some lips curved into smiles which were half sneers, but over Drake's face there spread such a smile as no true man could but love to see, for, as I knew afterwards, my speech was after his own heart, and, as with his own lips he told me, he loved me for it, there and then.

But Elizabeth's face was such a riddle as I never saw before or since. Her brows were frowning, her lips were striving with a smile, and her eyes were twinkling and sparkling, and on either cheek a faint red glow was struggling through the pallor of her sallow skin. She laid her elbow on the arm of her chair, and resting her pointed chin on the upturned palm of her hand, she saved herself, as I verily believe, from laughing outright by saying:

"Those are brave and gallant words, Sir Valdar, not often heard in courts, though it may be that such princes and rulers as you have been accustomed to stand before, have been more familiar with plain speaking than we are, yet we must tell you for your information that as no war hath so far been declared between ourselves and any of our royal cousins of Europe, so it is scarce fitting to speak of enemies of this realm and us.

"Yet, as our good admiral here can tell you better than we can, there are many seas and unclaimed lands where stout hearts and strong arms such as yours and his and your good friend, Sir Phillip Carew's, also, may win both wealth for yourselves and some glory for the flag you fly; wherefore, subject to the conditions that shall be arranged by our good Secretary Walsingham, and our most excellent Chancellor and adviser the Lord of Burleigh, you shall have our royal licence and permission to use the ships and equipment you have provided for all just and lawful ends on the high seas, and wherever else your fortune or the winds of heaven may lead you; and we doubt not that against the wild savages and such other enemies of the peace and quiet of the world as you may meet in your adventures you will acquit yourselves as men, not forgetting the honour of the flag you fly. And now you may hold yourselves released from further attendance upon us for the present.

"My Lord Burleigh," she went on, turning to a portly, grave-faced old gentleman with broad brow and steady, cautious eyes, who stood on her right hand, "you have heard what we have said, and from our words you will take our instructions in this matter. My Lord Admiral, Sir Francis Drake, since you have conducted these gentlemen to our presence, it may be fitting that you should lead them hence and see to their comfort till they return to their ships."

We made obeisance and kissed hands again, and Sir Francis took his farewell, too, in like manner on bended knee, and when he rose and had backed aside from the direct line of the royal presence I saw that his eyes were twinkling and his jaws set firm to save himself from laughing outright.

Then other seekers of audience came forward with their introducers, and the three of us made downwards towards the door. As we reached it I stopped a moment and looked back towards the throne, and saw Elizabeth following us with her eyes, and, by the Gods! but for the difference in face and form I could have sworn that it was Cleopatra's own soul that was looking at us out of those mysterious blue-green eyes of hers.

We turned and made our last obeisance to the throne, and then passed through the door. As we came into the ante-room I saw amidst the crowd that was waiting for entrance a young fellow of some two or three-and-twenty years, whose face, clear cut in every feature and stamped in every line with that mysterious mark which Nature sets upon her chosen sons and daughters, arrested my glance, and held it instantly as though by some spell wrought by the soul that looked up at me out of his clear grey eyes.

"Who is that man, Sir Phillip?" I whispered, taking him by the shoulder.

"I know not; but perchance you do, Sir Francis?"

"Nay, I know him no more than you do," laughed the great admiral. "But here is one who doubtless does," he said, catching an usher by the arm and saying to him, in an undertone: "'Who is yonder lad with the handsome face and high white forehead, dressed in country garb, standing by Sir Thomas Fitzalan?'"

"That, most noble admiral," said the usher, bowing low before the greatest man in England, and taking a look meanwhile at a written list in his hand, "is one named William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, a country lad who would fain follow in the footsteps of Her Most Gracious Majesty's sweetest of singers, Master Edmund Spenser, and he hath come hither to-day craving an audience that he may lay at the feet of the Queen's Majesty some idle ode or other doggerel, whose only recommendation can be that it is designed, however unworthily, to so duteous and laudable a purpose."

"Then, saving the presence of all here," I said, moved by that same impulse which many a time before had made me speak without my will, "there is that in William Shakespeare's face which tells me that in days to come no English name will stand much higher than his."

"My lord is pleased to prophesy," said the usher, again bowing low, this time to the friend of Francis Drake, "yet this Will Shakespeare is but one of many others who come hither on like errands, and go away again to lose themselves amidst the meanness of their own low-born obscurity."

I turned my back on the smooth-spoken, fawning jack-in-office, and, taking a couple of strides across the room to where Will Shakespeare stood, I held out my hand to him and said:

"You are William Shakespeare, as I am told, a poet in search of royal favour. There is a hand that has grasped those of kings and conquerors. Unless your face belies your genius, as faces seldom do, it will be honoured if you lay yours in it. I am a soldier of fortune and you a servant of the Muses, almost as fickle mistresses. So we may well shake hands, if you will."

He looked up at me with a swift, searching glance, that glance which was destined to read the inmost thoughts of human hearts as they were never read before and maybe never will be again, and then he put his hand in mine and said:

"No greeting can be kindlier than that which comes spontaneous from the kindly heart of one stranger to another. I thank you, sir, whoever you are, and if ever I can repay this kindness, poor though I be now, yet shall not the will be wanting to do so."

"Thou wilt do it," I said, "in this age or another, or I, who have seen Cæsar and Virgil, Ovid and Cicero, face to face, have never seen a poet yet on earth."

This last was spoken in a whisper that only reached his ear, and ere the stare of blank amazement had faded from his face I had wrung his hand and turned away and left him—the greatest of the great that was to be in all the gallant times of Great Elizabeth. Yet as we left the ante-room I laid my hand on the great admiral's shoulder and said:

"Sir Francis, if ever I shall earn a favour from you repay it to me by keeping a kindly eye on yonder youth, for some voice within me tells me that in the days to come few will do more for England's glory than he will."

"Why, that I will right willingly, Sir Valdar," he rolled out, with his jovial laugh. "It is a small thing to ask at most, for, though but a plain man myself, I ever loved a good poet; but you have already deserved much more of me than that for, on the faith of a good Englishman, I tell you that when you won that gracious speech from our sweet sovereign lady, you won permission for you and me to do a deed that ere long the world shall ring with: and for that I would take twenty poets into the royal favour if I could."

"Who does the best his circumstances allow does well, acts nobly—angels could do no more."—*Young.*
Won't you do your best for the F.A.F.

CHAPTER XLIV.

WESTWARD HO!

FROM the Palace the three of us went for a quiet stroll and private chat in the shady woodland of the royal park, and there Sir Francis, having taken our pledge of secrecy, told us something of that great scheme which was already shaping itself in that ever-active brain of his, of which his somewhat slow-moving tongue gave so false an index; and when we were well out of earshot the jovial little hero held his sides and laughed at that innocent-sounding, and yet deep-meaning, speech with which Gloriana—as these fond sea-knights of hers called their royal mistress—had answered my blunt, old-world words as to the true end of my project.

By the time our walk was over, that strong, high-hearted genius of his had so worked upon me that I would have willingly confessed that, of all the great ones of the earth I had seen and loved or hated, all the kings and conquerors and heroes that I had fought with or against, I had never spoken with a man who had so quickly won his way to this ages-old heart of mine as this "little pirate" of Royal England's, this self-willed, death and danger-defying little freebooter, who smoothed the way for the vaster triumphs of Rodney and Howe and Nelson, and who, if he had but been given a free hand, would have died lord of the oceans, and left his country the mistress of the world.

That night Sir Phillip and I went to supper with him at the Old Ship Inn, where he was lodging, and there I found myself one of as gallant and glorious a company as ever sat round a single board. Nay, I think it but good truth to say that if you hunted the world's history through you could find seated round one table no other company of men who, singly or together, have left so great a mark on the tablets of Destiny as did those with whom I supped that night.

There was grim-faced Secretary Walsingham, who, in his slim, white, lady's hand held, as events proved, a good half of the threads of the tangled skein of European diplomacy; there was Howard of Effingham—that true-hearted Catholic, who, as you shall see, when the Armada sailed from Spain, put blood and country before creed and faith, and fought his Catholic Majesty as desperately as the best Puritan in his fleet; there was black Sir John Norreys, Drake's old brother-in-arms; stout John Hawkins, and the stern-souled, iron-hearted Martin Frobisher; there was the stalwart, courtly Sir Richard Grenville, he whose name the story and the song of England has gilded with a glory only less bright than his own unsullied, knightly fame: that bravest of the brave, who, in his one little craft, the *Revenge*, was to fight fifty-three great Spanish ships for a day and a night, till every shot was fired and the last ounce of powder spent, and not a man on his ship remained unwounded: and who fell down dead on his foeman's deck in a moment of triumph that was greater than victory.

Think of a company like this, with Francis Drake for its host, you to whom these first makers of your splendid sea-realm are but names, however glorious, and you will say with me that it was well worth living and suffering all that even I had lived and suffered to sit at board with them, and hear them fight their battles over again, and tell of all the wondrous things that they had seen and done.

Out of that one glorious night's talk I could tell you tales that would more than fill the brief space and time that are left to me; of the voyage of that gallant old ship, that little cockle-shell, as you would now call it, of a hundred tons and eighteen pop-guns, which went out to the West as the *Pelican* and came back from the East as the *Golden Hind*, storm-battered and barnacle-cumbered, reeling into Plymouth Sound after rivalling even that mighty feat which the great Magellan himself, first of all the sons of men, had accomplished eight and sixty years before; of sunlit tropic seas, and that far-off land of the West and South, which in those days was a veritable fairy-land of wealth and beauty; of treasure-ships and long mule-trains laden with gold and silver, pearls and gems, which these brave freebooters had taken such good care should never reach the hands of Philip of Spain; of Santiago de Lima, of the sunny Western Isles and the snow-crowned rocks of the World's End, where the Cape of Storms rears its lonely pinnacle amidst the everlasting tempests of the far-off South.

Of all these, and the brave deeds which in England's story are for ever united with their names, you have read many a page in your chroniclers and romancers, yet how would those same stories have fired your blood and set your souls aflame if you could have heard them, as I did, from the living lips of the very men who did the deeds they tell of? As for me, it is enough to say that if my fate shall hold yet again as many lives as those that I have lived on earth, the memory of that glorious night will shine undimmed amidst all the splendid memories that I shall take with me into the eternity that is to come.

The next morning we dropped down the Thames on the ebb tide in our galley, and pulled up the Medway to Upner, where our ships were lying snugly at anchor, and there we made the last of our preparations for the voyage that was now certainly before us. The next day a Queen's messenger, riding post haste, brought our letters of marque all in due order under the Royal sign manual, and with them a letter addressed to myself, which ran as follows:

A boy's will, the winds of heaven, and a woman's whim have never yet been stabled since the world began, and if the wind shall presently be favourable when this reaches you, it were best to sail lest a head-wind should come to-morrow. The trysting-place is Plymouth.

FRANCIS DRAKE.

Such a message from such a man needed no two readings, and so, as the ebb was still strong, up came our anchors and out went our sails, and the dainty *Lady Kate*, her hundred brass guns gleaming in the midday sun, and her snowy wings silining outspread from truck to bulwarks, dropped gaily down the Medway in company with her consorts, and in due time we came to Plymouth. Drake, who had posted overland, was there before us, and when we hauled up in the Sound one glorious sunny day, towards the end of July, he had already hoisted his admiral's flag to the masthead of the *Elisabeth Bonaventura*, as admiral of the most gallant fleet that had ever yet gone privateering to the Spanish Main.

In all we had two battle-ships and eighteen cruisers, with store-ships and pinnaces in due number, manned by two thousand three hundred English soldiers and sea-dogs, all athirst for Spanish blood and Spanish plunder. Frobisher was our vice-admiral, Francis Knollys our rear-admiral, Thomas Fenner our flag-captain, and gallant Christopher Carleill lieutenant-general of our land force.

But, though we were ready and eager, our equipment of stores and munitions of war were still incomplete, and our last sailing orders had not come. All August wore away in weary waiting. Then Burleigh sent our sailing orders, and after them an urgent warning to be gone ere the wind changed at Court; and hard on the heels of this came Sir Phillip Sydney with the intention of sailing with us.

Had he done so he might never have died that gallant death of his at Zutphen; but Drake, who knew him then only for a courtier, was seized at his coming with the only sort of fright he ever knew, and one night, while Sir Phillip was supping at his inn ashore, the wind, which for days had been foul, went round northerly, cables were cut, and sails were hoisted out, and, half-unready as we were, out we went to sea with such swift secrecy that Plymouth and Sir Phillip woke up the next morning none the wiser to find the Sound clear of us.

We headed away westward and southward for Finisterre, which we sighted on the 26th of December, short of both food and water, and with foul weather coming on. But Drake had as little concern about victualling his fleet at the King of Spain's expense as he would have had in getting his stores from an English arsenal; so in we swept into Vigo Bay under the lee of the Bayona Islands, and anchored two leagues out from the town.

Then Drake sent in word to the Governor that he had come, and wanted food and water for his men, and such was the terror of his name that the proud Don swallowed his pride and bade him send ashore and get them in peace. So the troops went off in the pinnaces and boats; but before midnight the storm burst, and we had all we could do to get them on board again. For three days we rode out a gale that would have scattered any fleet but one of Drake's, and, when it died away we found that the Governor had changed his mind, and brought his troops down to oppose our landing.

In all it was nearly three weeks before we at last got away, what with foul winds and delay in duly punishing the Dons for their breach of faith; but when we did go we were not only well victualled, but Bayona was somewhat the poorer in other things than meat and drink.

With a fair wind we passed Madeira and the Canaries, and by the middle of November anchored in the roadstead off Santiago in Cape Verde. Here, five years before young Will Hawkins, son of old Sir John, and a dear friend of Drake's, had been caught by the Spaniards and burned alive for a heretic and an Englishman. This was not forgotten by one who never forgot or forgave, so, with the town under our guns, the troops were landed with Carleill at their head, and he sent in a messenger to say that El Draque* had come to ask payment for the blood of his friend.

Scarce was the message delivered than like a flock of wild sheep the people scampered out of the town and took to the hills, so we went in and took possession, and swept the town and island clear of such plunder and provisions as we could conveniently lay hands on, and when, ten days after that, we weighed anchor, the city in which Will Hawkins' martyr-stake had been set up was itself a heap of cinders and half-cooled ashes. Then the word was, "Westward Ho!" and out into the broad Atlantic we steered, the first fleet that had ever crossed the ocean on a hostile errand, the forerunners of that long warfare for the empire of the seas which you who read have not yet seen ended.

I would fain dwell on what we said and did as day after day the favouring winds bore us to the golden shores of the Spanish Main, on the jovial converse that we captains held with each other and with our gallant little admiral, and of that far sweeter intercourse in which I and my dear lady renewed the old acquaintance of bye-gone centuries; but there are greater and sterner things to tell of than these, so, all unwilling, I must hasten on.

Scarce were we half across the Atlantic then the sickness which in those days ever dogged the wake of ocean-sailing ships overtook us, and ere we sighted land three hundred of our gallant fellows were dead, and many more sick almost beyond hope. But Drake, though he wondered why Heaven should thus afflict so just and pious an enterprise, held on unflinching till at Dominica he replenished his food and water, and our scurvy-stricken men found Nature's physic for their ills in the island fruits. At St. Christopher we halted again, and kept a right merry Christmas, and then fared on again, bound for San Domingo, in Hispaniola, that fair, strong city which King Philip was wont to look on as the brightest jewel in his Indian crown.

It was on the first day of the year 1586 that we brought to in the broad bay outside the surf-beaten shore, but our pinnaces and lighter craft had made a landing under cover of the darkness four nights before, and by the time the garrison saw the fleet they had been harassed by three days and nights of constant alarms, and believed that half the strength of England had been sent against them.

Bribed with Spanish plunder, the fierce Maroons had stolen down from the hills, and stabbed the sentries at their posts, and cut off every party to reconnoitre, and so Carleill and his men got ashore unseen, and when the Spaniards marched out foot and horse to oppose our landing from the fleet he took them in the rear, and as they faced about, Drake and Frobisher, Will Fenner and I, heading our boats through the surf, rushed them ashore, and streamed up the beach, and went at them with sword and pike and petronel.

That was the first good fight that I had had since Ascalon, so you may think with what relish I went into it, and how the good steel of Armen bit its way through the ruffs and mail and silken doublets of the dainty Dons, and the steel caps and leather jerkins of their men-at-arms.

They were good enough soldiers of their modern sort so far as arms and skill went, but they hadn't the hearts in them to make the sort of fighters that I had been accustomed to play the game of war with. All that was out of the common, whether of bravery or skilful tactics, was witchcraft to them, and something not to be resisted, and of this I had good proof before the fight had waged many minutes.

I had been busy with the front line of men-at-arms with Sir Phillip and Will Fenner, when of a sudden they broke, and I saw a score of horses come riding through them at us, and at the head of these was a tall knight, armoured from head to heel, as was still the fashion among the Spanish grandees. He came full at me, with lowered spear, for I, of course, was on foot, no doubt thinking to spit me like a capon; but I had seen that kind of fighting before there was a Spaniard in Spain, so when the spear point was within ten paces of me, I dropped prone on the ground, the point passed over me, and, as the horse thundered by, I let out a sideward sweeping slash, and cut his fore-leg nearest to me through like a reed.

Then as knight and horse came crashing down beside me I sprang to my feet, wrenched the mail-clad Don out of his saddle, and with one mighty heave flung him, clashing and clattering, under the advancing hoofs of his troop. It was all done in an instant, and was an old trick of Arab warfare that I had learned centuries ago in Syria, but the Spaniards thought it the work of the Foul Fiend himself, for there was not a man among them that could have lifted the Don and his armour from the ground.

They pulled up, shouting to their saints that El Draque had brought a brother demon with him, and I, seeing my opportunity in their panic, let out the old battle-cry of Islam in a long-drawn screaming roar, and ran at them, swinging my big blade above my head, and followed by Will Fenner and his men, shouting and yelling with laughter at what they had seen.

With my first blow I clove a leather-jerkined trooper from the shoulder to the saddle, so that the two halves of him dropped on either side of his horse. Then with a single spring I was astride his charger, which, happily for me, was a big, strong-boned beast, and then I charged into the midst of them, cutting and thrusting, hacking and hewing, and yelling out my heathen battle-cries till the affrighted wretches thought some demon of the Pit had been loosed against them, and the remnant of them wheeled their horses round and galloped for the town gate, followed by the rest of the army.

So hotly did we pursue them that the whole crowd of us, Spaniards and English, swarmed pell mell, shouting and swearing, and shooting and slashing, into the open gateway at once. Then we got them into the streets, and from street to street we chased them till at last we heard the ringing English cheers on the other side of the town, and knew that Carleill and his men had forced the other gate and were coming to meet us.

In half an hour our two forces had met on the plaza. From end to end we had swept the town like a tempest. In ten minutes more the red cross of St. George was streaming gaily from a flagstaff on the cathedral tower, the guns of the fleet in the bay were roaring out their salute of delighted triumph, and so, after a summer morning's fight, the oldest and strongest city in the Spanish Indies was ours to sack and plunder as we would.

(To be continued.)

* Drake's named Spanicised, and meaning *The Dragon*. This coincidence had not a little to do with the firm belief of the Spaniards in his magic mirror and his bargain with the Powers of Darkness.

The habitual reader of P.W. knows my natural modesty, and will therefore take it merely as a plain statement of fact when I declare that I spend a quarter of an hour sometimes in obliging autograph collectors. Notice is hereby given that the editorial autograph will in future be disposed of for the ridiculously small sum of 2s. 6d., which money will go to swell the Fresh Air Fund.

BALD?

There's a question I would mention
If you'll listen, wife, to me,
For a fearful apprehension
Now and then creeps over me,
When our lives have reached the summit,
And the turning point is called,
And old age begins to eye us,
Will you love me if I'm bald?

When no more your gentle fingers
Wander through my waving hair,
But go groping through the vastness
Of the whereness of the w(hair);
When old Time's fantastic fingers
O'er my face his lines have scrawled—
Do you think that you can love me
Just the same if I am bald?

When my brow shall shame a tombstone
As it rises bland and bare,
Write thereon: "This slab is sacred
To his late lamented hair."
Like a grinning skull I'll haunt you
Till your senses stand appalled,
Can you brave the test, my darling?
Will you love me when I'm bald?

When my present jetty ringlets
Have not died but gone before,
And until I go to meet them,
They will come, ah! never more;
When the flies of sixty summers
O'er my helpless pate have crawled,
And I have to wear a nightcap,
Will you love me when I'm bald?

What Her Heart Said.—Miss Mabella St. Percy: "Mamma, dearest, I have something to tell you."

Mamma (anxiously): "Yes, darling."

"Yes, mamma. Mr. Moneybags proposed to me last night."

"And what did my little girl say?"

"I didn't give him a definite answer, mamma. I wanted to talk to you about it first."

"And what does your heart say, dear?"

"Oh, mamma, it says—it says—— Oh, mamma, is it really true that Mr. Moneybags will have £10,000 a year at his father's death?"

"Quite true, my child, and—and—the old gentleman is very feeble."

"And I should be sole mistress of Moneybags Hall, in Scotland?"

"Yes, darling, and a beautiful house at Brighton."

"And I should probably go to town for the London season?"

"I have no doubt of it, my dear daughter. And—and—I don't want to influence you in the least, my child. No one shall say that my child was not left to follow the leadings of her own heart in the choice of a husband; but—but—you have heard about the Moneybags diamonds?"

"Yes, mamma."

"They are superb! I have seen most of them when Mr. Moneybags' mother was alive, and they are all his now."

"Oh, mamma!"

"And now what does my dear child's heart say?"

"Oh, mamma, it says——yes!"

"My own dear child! I have always wanted to see you married to the man of your choice, to the man you loved and honoured. Bless you, my darling, and may you be as happy as you deserve."

His Snake Story.—Mr. Fairley Truthfull, who, as the reader knows, goes to church regularly, and hasn't told a lie in thirty years, relates the following remarkable fishing adventure:

He was out shooting, and, while eating his lunch, he carelessly tossed a piece of bread into a small stream at his feet, when he was surprised to see a perfect swarm of trout fighting for the bread. Searching eagerly through all his pockets, he was greatly disappointed that he had nothing in the way of fishing tackle, as the trout were evidently hungry, and if only he had a hook and line, he could easily catch all he wanted.

While trying to evolve a plan for the capture of some of the trout, the gentleman noticed an immense black snake lying on a stump sunning itself, and immediately he recalled that his father had told him, a good many years ago, how expert black snakes were in catching trout. After a little thought on the subject Mr. Truthfull determined to try it, and, picking his way cautiously to the stump, he grabbed the snake by the tail.

The black snake evidently didn't understand at first just what was wanted of him, and for some time after he had been soused into the water he continued to twist and squirm and tried to get away. But finally the snake spied a big trout peeping out from behind a stone, seemed to understand better what was wanted, and very soon grabbed another trout. By the time half a dozen trout had been taken, the snake had entered into the sport in real earnest, and in the course of an hour Fairley had captured with his queer tackle over forty fine trout, and not caring for more, he let the snake go, gathered up his fish, and went home.

It was about a week later that Mr. Truthfull passed by the spot where he had captured the trout, and while he was standing on the bank looking at the speckled beauties as they darted through the clear water, he felt something rubbing his leg. Looking down, he was surprised to see his old friend the black snake. The snake had seen and recognised him, and, backing up to him, had stuck about a foot of its tail up against his leg as an invitation for him to go fishing again.

Effect of Hard Times on Marriage.—"You have ruined me!"

The speaker, a fair-haired man of five-and-twenty, buried his face in his hands. "I counted you as my friend," he continued; "and what a friend you have proved yourself to be!" he went on, scornfully. "Yesterday I was one of the happiest men alive. On the eve of my marriage to one of the purest, sweetest girls that ever breathed, my heart bursting with fond expectations, with every fair prospect before me; and now, with one swift blow, this has been swept away, and all," he exclaimed, rising up and rapidly pacing the room, "all through the treachery of a friend. Do you know what you have done?" he cried, fiercely, grasping the other roughly by the shoulder. "Last night, prompted by the best motives, I invited you to the club. Impelled by I know not what baseness, you urged me on to drink; and then, when my condition was such that I should have gone home, where did you send me, sir?—to the home of my affianced bride. What was her horror, her indignation on seeing me! And now, sir, she has cast me off for ever. Do you know what you have done?"

I do," replied George Grandyard, as he looked his censor firmly in the eye. "Listen. Are you aware that in a moment of weakness I consented to be best man at your wedding?"

"Certainly I am," replied the other.

"And you are aware," he continued, "that in order to maintain the respect of myself and others, I should have had a new frock coat, to say nothing of buying an expensive wedding present? Are you aware, sir," he went on, a dangerous gleam in his eye, "what this means during the present hard times?"

For a moment the stricken man beside him was silent.

"George," he murmured brokenly at last, as he laid his hand on the man's shoulder, "forgive me, will you? I never thought of that."

"It's all right this time, old fellow," replied his friend, "only you shouldn't have blamed me. I had to do it, old man. I had to break up that wedding or bust."

Proud Mother: "You haven't kissed the baby."

Bachelor Uncle: "Um—er—I'll try to remember next time. I'll kiss her when I—er—come back from India."

"When will that be?"

"Let me see. About sixteen years."

FIFTEEN CYCLES TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

Competition No. 11.

THE LONDON CYCLE CORPORATION of COVENTRY and MANOR PARK, LONDON, E., are anxious to make their machines better known, and to this end have placed FIFTEEN "ADVANCE" CYCLES at my disposal, to be GIVEN AWAY to my readers, one each week, under what circumstances I think best.

The eleventh Cycle which is fitted with Dunlop Welch pneumatic tyres, detachable chain wheel, patent steering lock, and every known improvement, is being given away under the following conditions:

In the first case each competitor must write to the Manager of the London Cycle Corporation, Manor Park, London, E., and inclose two stamps and an unstamped directed wrapper for their Art Catalogue of machines, also stating the number of the competition. Then write on the coupon a paragraph suitable as an advertisement of the Advanced Cycles not exceeding fifty words. The prize will be given to the sender of the best advertisement.

Send this in to *Pearson's Weekly* Offices, together with the coupon to be found in the catalogue, and the number of the Bicycle you would like in the event of your success. It must be distinctly understood that no competition will be accepted unless accompanied by Coupon. A competitor may send in more than one attempt for the Cycle, provided that he forward a coupon with each.

Ladies may compete, of course, and select machines specially made for them. The machines are of the newest pattern, and complete in every respect.

Competition No. 11 closes on Tuesday, July 9th. Mark envelopes "Advt."

A medical paper estimated that over £50,000 worth of medicine is annually distributed gratis at the English dispensaries.

The Queen is supplied with four dozen pairs of kid gloves per month, from a certain fund, and she insists on having them.

The Empire of Turkey is called the Sublime Porte from the principle entrance of the seraglio being a huge pavilion with eight openings over the gate or porte.

No fewer than 56,000 men have deserted from the militia during the last five years, and in the same period nearly 70,000 of the same force joined the regular army.

A whistling moth is an Australian rarity. There is a glassy space on the wings crossed with ribs. When the moth wants to whistle, it strikes these ribs with its antennæ, which have a knob at the end. The sound is a love-call, from the male to the female.

A bamboo organ has been built for the Jesuits' church at Shanghai, and is said to surpass organs made of metal. As bamboo can be obtained of all dimensions, from the thickness of a pen to pieces of a foot in diameter, this natural material costs little more than the simple labour, and the notes are beautifully soft and pleasant to the ear.

A shop-lifter, recently convicted, carried a bogus baby with her during her predatory excursions. The infant had a wax face and a hollow leather body. It was the thief's custom to dexterously transfer purloined articles, such as gloves, laces, and the like, to the spacious baby, which usually gained much in weight during these little excursions.

The Armenians are great people for fasts. During one they eat nothing for a week. On the Saturday there is no real refreshment, but the younger unmarried members of the family are allowed to partake of cake and salt, so to have dreams about water; and it is a sacred rule that every young man must marry the girl who gave him fresh water to drink in his dream that night.

A statistician in the employ of the German Government three years ago determined to make a careful investigation of the superstition regarding Friday as an unlucky day. As a result of his exhaustive labours he has given the world a book of queer tables and figures, which prove that it is Monday and not Friday that is the most fatal and unfortunate day of the week.

Burglars are said to seldom receive more than twenty per cent of the value of their booty from the buyers to whom they dispose of it, if it happens to be in any other form than coin. A £10 Bank of England note will bring about £2 from a buyer, while £100 worth of plate would be worth only £15 or £20 to the thief, who must risk years of liberty in obtaining it, and so on with all other valuables.

A most curious and sluggish creature is the tautawa, a nine-inch lizard, whose home is in New Zealand. This little imitation saurian has the reputation of being the laziest creature ever created. He is usually found clinging to rocks or logs along the shores of rivers and lakes, and has been known to remain in one position, perfectly motionless, for many months. How the creature manages to exist is a mystery.

In nine out of ten cases, it is said, the players in "Hungarian" bands are English. The men are often pure cockneys to a man, but they let their beards grow, wear a smart semi-military uniform, and do not betray themselves by speech until they are well out of the house. There is in London an excellent violinist and conductor who could only earn a precarious living for many years by playing, teaching, and composing; but since he became a "Hungarian" he has been well on the way to fortune.

Musical stockings are among the latest freaks of fashion in America. They are not audibly musical. Their open work bands, running perpendicularly up the ankles, are patterned in the notes and bars of the musical clef. Of course, different tunes are used for different occasions. Upon full dress hosiery grand opera airs are inscribed. Lighter compositions appear upon hose dedicated to functions less important, and for every-day stockings every-day ditties are traced out. Stockings to be worn on Sundays are an interesting phase of the fashion. These are, of course, embellished with hymn tunes and other sacred music.

I hereby certify that the premium in respect of PEARSON'S WEEKLY £2,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE has been paid up to July 25th, 1895 and that therefore every purchaser of PEARSON'S WEEKLY is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, under the conditions named in the coupon on page 823.

General Manager for the Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd.

"The baby's doing well." By this we mean that ISOBEL'S FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN, 1½d. monthly, the first issue of which is now on sale, is being eagerly bought up by all mothers. Please give the tip in the proper quarter, and oblige yours truly.

INCLUDING BOARD, LODGING, TRAVELLING EXPENSES, AND THREE DELIGHTFUL DRIVES!

THE very fact that Normandy is the most accessible of all foreign countries from our own shores may be sufficient to account for the partial neglect from which it has suffered on the part of the British tourist. Travel, unlike Charity, does not begin at home.

Now this thing, I venture to think, is a pity. Normandy, apart from the peculiar historical interest which is inseparable from the native country of William the Conqueror and his followers, abounds with natural attractions, while the people themselves, with their old-world ways and habits, afford us a peep into an age which has long been left behind in England.

There is yet another consideration. It is to Normandy that Europe is indebted for its apple trees. Who would not make a pilgrimage to the shrine of the pippin and the golden russet and the country *par excellence* of cider? Who indeed! Therefore have I completed arrangements with the Association for the Promotion of Home and Foreign Travel, which will make it possible for any reader of *P.W.* to take a week's tour through the most interesting and at the same time the most beautiful part of William the Conqueror's country for £5 5s. in all.

The L.B & S.C. Railway have recently opened a new line of steamers running directly between Newhaven and Caen, and this picturesque old city will be made the starting point of the tour, which will include visits to Falaise, Domfront, Mont St. Michel, Coutances, St. Lo, and Bayeux, names which will conjure up many historical visions in the mind of the reader.

Passengers will travel second class in England, saloon at sea, and third class on the Continent. Two meals will be provided each day—*déjeuner* and dinner—and be it said that the cooking in these Norman provincial hotels is surprisingly good. Cider, and, in many cases, claret, is included in the menu. Five guineas provides as well for two long drives through exceedingly pretty country and four miles by *diligence* to Mont St. Michel across the sands.

Tips to the hotel servants are the only necessary expenses that will fall on any who care to avail themselves of this opportunity of visiting the towns where William the Conqueror was born, and where he was buried; two of the finest cathedral cities of France, and, above all, beautiful Mont St. Michel, off the coast of Normandy and Brittany. Arrangements are also being made for a week's extension of the tour to Paris at a cost of £3 10s. extra.

The first party will start with an experienced guide on Saturday, July 13th, and will reach London again on that day week. Any further particulars may be had from the Secretary of the Association for the Promotion of Home and Foreign Travel, Limited, 41, Gracechurch Street, London, E.C., or from this office. Envelopes should be marked "NORMANDY."

In the event of a large number of applications being received, those which come to hand first will be given the first attention. These excursions will probably be continued once or twice a week throughout the summer. The first of a short series of articles on the Conqueror's Country will be found below.

IN THE CONQUEROR'S COUNTRY.

NO. 1.

THERE are many associations to endear Normandy, and especially Calvados, with its tranquil grey towns and smiling orchards, in the affections of the English speaking world. Our Norman ancestors undoubtedly came from a picturesque country, a country fertile and green, with its winding valleys and gentle hills shaded with woods of walnut, and beech, and elm, and watered by many a silver stream threading its way to the rock-fenced coast.

A striking feature of the landscape is the immense quantity of mistletoe which may be seen. In the winter months, I was told, hundreds of boatloads are sent over to England. This mystic plant with its yellow hued foliage and viscous berries grows here, as elsewhere, to greatest perfection on the apple tree. And for this reason many a wayside house in Normandy is decorated with a large bunch hung conspicuously over the doorway—a welcome sign to the passing pedestrian that cider is sold within. Among the peasants the belief is held that a finger-ring made from this wood is an antidote against sickness and disease, and armlets, sometimes exquisitely carved, were formerly worn.

Birds in Normandy although not numerous are of many different kinds. The traveller, however, is impressed with the hosts of magpies that have taken possession of the country, and nowhere else in the world can so many of these pert mischievous creatures be seen together. Of this fact I can give no explanation. Stranger still, they are never shot, although in Normandy every one carries a gun, and the sportsman considers all birds, large or small, his legitimate prey. This immunity the magpie owes partly to the superstition that a magpie's death is an evil omen, and partly to the fact that its flesh is by no means pleasant to eat.

In their customs, and their traditions the Normans resemble the Scottish Highlanders more than the English. Nor is this difficult to explain, when we recollect that while in days gone by the intercourse between England and Normandy was usually of a hostile nature, Scotland was often allied with France against their common foe.

It was Sunday afternoon when I arrived in Caen. Few

The Normans are a very religious people, perhaps, than the inhabitants of any other part of France. The men as well as the women go to church Sunday after Sunday. On week-days, too, there is a mass as early as five o'clock, at which the servants from the hotels, and others, who are prevented from going later, attend.

I noticed in Caen that wherever the streets were good the pavements were rough and uneven, and whenever the side walks were sufficiently smooth to enable one to walk without bringing up every moment against a projecting boulder, the streets grew dangerous. Pavements, however, are not to be relied upon in Caen. Every now and then they disappear altogether, and it is the invariable custom of the Caen shopmen to bring their chairs out and sit and gossip wherever the footway is narrowest.

After sunset the city, with its quaint old courts and open squares, its shady trees and gabled houses, is seen perhaps at its best. The cool shadows reduce the buildings to a neutral tint of grey, and towering above them all the tall spires of the churches rise in their graceful grandeur almost black against the gold-touched purple sky. Trade gives way to indolence, and as the twilight deepens the goatherd playing on his reeds may be seen driving his bleating flock through the streets, cup in hand for those who care to quench their thirst with the fresh-drawn milk.

In the stone-flagged courtyard of the Hotel St. Barbe the great bell is already ringing for dinner, and bedroom doors are opening on to the balconies, with their fragile wooden rails, which encircle three sides of the building. Here, as in other parts of Normandy, with the exception, I believe, of Rouen, both wine and cider are placed on the table free of charge. This I regard as a most excellent habit.

The quantities of cider which the natives consume is incredible, and, as I afterwards learnt, even the horses are allowed to have four or five pints mixed with their feed of oats. This excess, which is harmless enough in other ways, in all probability accounts for the black and ragged teeth of the peasants. In all Normandy, I may truthfully say, I did not see a pretty woman nor one with those beautiful teeth so general even among the oldest inhabitants of the South of France. Pure cider is intoxicating, but, like champagne, the effects are not lasting, and a man no sooner gets comfortably drunk than he has the mortification of finding himself sober again.

There is an ancient tradition that many years ago a sharp knife was found in a provincial hotel in Normandy. It was, however, immediately confiscated, and is now shown as a curiosity in the museum. The offence has never been repeated.

In many ways the customs and habits in provincial Normandy differ from those which prevail in England. Even in the most civilised and enlightened hotels they consider one knife and fork are sufficient for a meal of six or seven courses, and by the side of each plate is placed a little rest, as a matter of course. They also reverse the order of the *menu* in one respect, and I think the change is a good one.

Why soup should be followed by fish in this country, I do not know. In Normandy they judge that the solid nutriment of a joint ought to be taken while the appetite is still keen, and the fish follow, to fire the palate with its delicate juices.

At dinner I saw several people eating their cherries with the stones. Whether they actually swallowed them or not, I cannot say. Possibly, the Frenchmen's politeness prevents them from ejecting the stones at table.

Melon, here, is served with meat, and the combination is an epicurean one and worthy of imitation. The luscious fruit gives a zest to the meat, and stimulates the appetite. The melon is taken with salt and pepper, instead of sugar, and is not altogether unlike tomato.

In Normandy I found on inquiry that slugs are not usually eaten except as medicine. West of Caen, however, they are regarded as an excellent everyday diet, and are not merely consumed as a preventative or cure for consumption.

As to the method of preparing these succulent morsels, it is simple and speedy. The ordinary slugs are a summer dish, their place being taken in the winter by snails. The latter, when in prime condition, are thrown for a minute into boiling water, when the shells can be removed without difficulty. A little bit of hard matter is cut from the head, and the snails are afterwards stewed for some time in milk. A more savoury *entrée* could not be imagined. In the case of the slugs, they are washed in cold water after the scalding process is finished. This brings away the slime. They are, when nicely served, as good, if not more delicious, than snails. I speak from a personal experience I gained a few days later.

PRIMUS: "Jobson is too unsophisticated for anything."

Secundus: "What's he done?"

Primus: "Sent a bottle of hair restorer to Miller's new-born baby."

"Ain't this stuff like grass?"
"It *is* grass."
"No, it ain't; you don't have to keep off it."

A JAPANESE DANCE.

WHEN Mr. Douglas Sladen sat down to write his latest novel, "A Japanese Marriage," he could hardly have made up his mind whether the outcome was to be a novel pure and simple, a guide to the shrines and temples of Japan, or a handbook of Japanese housekeeping. However, he has written a very readable book—he is a poet in all things, and would even describe the cooking of an egg with a poet's pen. His description of the dancing girls is particularly vivid:

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, came the notes of a *samisen* and the *shoji* were suddenly closed between the two rooms, only to be flung open the moment afterwards, and disclose little women playing on the *samisen* (guitar) and *koto*, which looked like a fender-stool, fitted with fiddle-strings. A dancer had entered in a marvellous dress of scarlet brocade, made after the manner of Japanese customs with long sleeves and two tunics, the under one very light, but covering white satin drawers which terminated in queer white linen *tabi*, shoes and stockings all in one with divided toes.

The top tunic was loose, and fastened at the waist with a magnificent *obé* (sash) of green brocade. The colours were in admirable taste; her hair was a work of art, pounded up with fat to the consistency of dough, and then moulded into a beautiful butterfly, with large fat wings, profusely decorated with gemmed pins and flowers.

The dancer gave a quantity of fan play. She was an admirable actress; good-looking, too, an aristocratic beauty of the true type, with a long slender neck and a waxy oval face, thin eagle nose and bead-like eyes. It was some tragedy she was enacting, in which passion, represented by thunderous stamping and fierce rushings forward in a springing posture, was the prelude, followed by disdain, with pursed-up lips, thrown-up chin, and scornfully-averted eyes. Lastly, she swept from the room like a tragic queen.

YOUNG SMITH (telling the news to his grandmother): "Wrinkle, the grocer, has busted."

"Grandma: "La, me! who'd a thought it? He was one of the skinniest, boniest men I ever set eyes on."

A LEGAL POINT.—She: "Do you make love to every girl you know, as you do to me?"

Young Lawyer: "My dear young lady, you should not ask any questions that would tend to incriminate the witness."

A CLERGYMAN in New South Wales has a standing advertisement in a daily paper, reading as follows:

"Religious doubts and difficulties answered by private letter. State your difficulty clearly, and inclose five shillings for reply."

TAR AND FEATHERS, a backwoods two-cent paper, promised its readers a supplement, and this is what appeared:—"Ræædærs œf TÆR ÆND FÆÆTHÆRS will bæ surprisæd æt thæ funny æpæærænce œf œur supplæmænt. Wæ ræn shœrt œf typæ ænd œrdæræd sæmæ mœræ. In thæ næw supply thæ a's ænd e's ænd o's (thææsæ thrææ lættærs wæ græbbæd frœm thæ œld lœt) wæræ læft œut by thæ idiœtic typæ-fœundær, ænd in thæir plææcæ wæ find æ lœt œf diphthœngs which æccœunts fœr œur singulær lœœk this wææk. Itæms œf intæræst tœ œur rææddærs ære thæt wæ shæll in futuræ ræcæivæ rægulær suppliæs œf *Pææsœn's Wæækly*, *Hœmæ Nœtæs*, ænd æll *Pæærsœn's* publicætiœns, ænd thæt wæ kææp in stœck STICKPHÆST PÆSTÆ, which sticks likæ blææzæs ænd is chææpær ænd clææænær thæn gum."

Who buys? Who buys? Who buys? Six stories for a penny, with excellent illustrations and a grand serial story thrown in. See SHORT STORIES (a weekly paper of that name); one penny, every Tuesday.

said he would give him the full benefit of the law, and also of his hypnotic misfortune.

He thereupon sentenced the man to five years' hard labour, but told him he could, if he chose, send for the hypnotist, and have him made unconscious for the entire term of his imprisonment.

"The same power," said the judge, "which enabled you to commit burglary, and not know it, ought also to enable you to suffer imprisonment with hard labour, and not be aware of it. At any rate, this is the best I can do for you."

WITH THE GLOSS OFF.

A GOOD deal of the romance which used to attach to "Sunny Italy" and its inhabitants has faded away since we have come to know them better. Still, it is difficult to credit some of the facts reported by recent writers regarding that country.

For instance, it is said that in Italy 336 village communities have no graveyards. The dead in them are put away in primitive church vaults.

Two hundred thousand Italians live in 37,000 dangerously unhealthy cellars; 9,000 in little cells hewn out in the rocks.

In 1,700 communities bread is a luxury, tasted only on holidays; 5,000 communities are so poor that they consume no meat at all; 600 are without physicians; 104 are constantly afflicted with epidemic fevers; 110,000 persons have chronic skin diseases; 63 in every hundred can neither read nor write. This is disgraceful for a so-called civilised country.

A FAMILIAR CONDUCTOR.

A CONTRIBUTOR tells a story of a man who came from the Midlands and took a trip on a London tram. Many of the streets in the district through which the tram went have the baptismal names of women. He says:

It seemed to puzzle the man from the Midlands, doubtless visiting London for the first time. Among the passengers were many ladies. The conductor was calling the names of the streets, and stopping the tram as one after another of the passengers wished to get off.

"Elizabeth!" he called. A woman rose, he rang the bell, and she descended.

A few streets farther "Ada" was called, and another woman made her exit.

The old countryman began to look interested, and when the conductor shouted, "Mary!" and another woman gathered up her bundles, he made no attempt to conceal his astonishment.

In quick succession came "Pauline," "Roberta," and "Augusta," and as it happened every call was followed by the departure of a passenger. The old man could stand it no longer. With bulging eyes he made his way to the back platform, where he said in a stage whisper to the conductor:

"Great Scot, mister! Do you know the names of all the women folk in this town?"

ANOTHER NEW HOBBY.

THERE are in England several important and very extensive collections of the lamps and lanterns of all ages, the largest of these collections being, perhaps, that of one of the provincial lamp manufacturers of this day; whilst another very important one is that of Lord Tredegar, whose late father was an assiduous collector.

All ages are represented in these collections, the lamps even of the ancient Egyptians occupying a prominent place; but the chief glory of both collections is the historical interest attaching to many of the lamps. In the second-named collection is the carriage lamp of Napoleon I., and one of the lanterns which lit up the features of the dying Nelson in the cockpit of the *Victory*.

Here, also, is an ancient lantern found near a dismal skeleton in a huge cave brought to light some years ago near Settle, in Yorkshire; and beside this come lanterns made from portions of deadly shells, from human skulls, from parts of ancient suits of armour, and from sea-shells.

Many private collectors have single lamps of great historical interest, amongst these being the lamp which Eugene Aram used in burying his victim. This lamp is the property of Mr. Hall Caine, the novelist, and was a present to him from the late Lord Houghton.

What is said to be the lantern used by Guy Fawkes in his fell transactions beneath the Houses of Parliament is in the possession of a private collector; a north-country museum has in its keeping the favourite reading-lamp of Sir Isaac Newton; and a Glasgow gentleman exhibits with pride a lantern with which Bobby Burns lighted himself home late o' nights.

by combining equal quantities of phenol, camphor, and saponine with a little turpentine. When its temperature is lowered below the point at which water freezes it becomes liquid, but when it is heated it turns to the solid state.

THE WRONG SMELL.

AT a recent missionary meeting a young minister named Smith was called upon to give an address.

Mr. Smith's style is remarkably flowery, but those "purple patches" with which he frequently adorns his speeches are highly distasteful to the Rev. Mr. Wilson, a plain, practical old preacher, who happened on the present occasion to be sitting on the platform.

"Methinks, brethren," exclaimed Mr. Smith, in the course of his oration, during which he had surveyed mankind from China to Peru. "Methinks I can hear the clash of the cymbals in the great procession of Juggernaut; I can scent the spicy breezes of Ceylon wafted——"

"No, Mr. Smith," interrupted Mr. Wilson, very solemnly; "it's the broken gaspipe you can smell—the man hasn't mended it yet!"

Mr. Smith's speech came to an abrupt conclusion amid the laughter of the audience.

A TERRIBLE CURE.

GRUESOME superstitions prevail to this day in some parts of the Continent. In the neighbourhood of Naples the dangerous bite of the tarantula is not cured by medicine or surgery, but by totally alien functions. Absolute confidence is placed in the efficacy of lively motion, and the bitten person is made to dance, some times with the stimulus of a horsewhip, till he sinks to the ground from sheer exhaustion.

These methods are applied to patients possibly in the belief that the violent agitation of the blood caused by exercise counteracts the torpor produced by the bite of the tarantula.

But this motive does not apply to another form of cure when the dancing is done by others. In some Neapolitan villages the sufferer is buried up to his neck in manure, and twenty-one female dancers are selected to surround him with their quick gyrations; seven are widows, seven wives, and seven maidens.

When they drop off from lassitude he is extricated from his position and thrown into a moderately-heated oven.

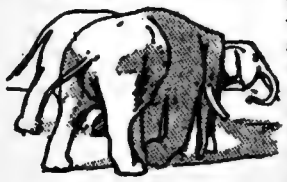
When he does not die from the bite or the treatment the charm is said to have worked.

ELEPHANT SOLDIERS.

FROM very ancient times elephants have been used both in war operations and as burden-bearers in commercial transactions in times of peace. In the Indian army elephants form a battery, and each one carries a cannon securely strapped upon her back. They are all females, the female being chosen because she is larger, stronger, and more easily trained.

It must be understood that elephants when in the military service are put through pretty severe training in order to so fit them for work, that they will be reliable when critical times come.

The elephants take morning baths. Every morning the big beasts file down to the river bank, marching according to command. As soon as they arrive the half of them are told to lie upon their sides. This they do like the obedient soldiers they are. Then the other half use their trunks as hose and squirt streams of water upon the prostrate forms.



As the water falls upon the animals, attendants scrub the tough hide with pieces of soap-stone. When one side is washed the elephants are commanded to roll over. They are assisted in doing this by the other elephants, who use their tusks for this purpose. As soon as the first half of the battery have had their bath the process is reversed and the others get theirs.

When breakfast arrives they are drawn up in line before a pile of food. Each animal gets for her breakfast ten pounds of raw rice done up in five two-pound packages. The rice is wrapped in leaves, and then tied with grass. At the command "Attention!" each animal raises its trunk, and a package is thrown into its capacious mouth. This method of feeding is adopted in order that the grain may not be wasted.

Elephants in the Indian army are fed twice a day, the breakfast being of rice, as just stated, the afternoon meal being of hay and sweet reeds of sugar cane.

these essentials great pains are taken.

As soon as the young animal begins to eat grass the value of its skin declines, for with a grass diet it immediately begins to grow coarser and harder in texture, and its chief merit vanishes. It is therefore kept closely penned, not only to prevent it from eating grass, but also to secure its skin from accidental injury or from scratches or bruises, which impair its value.

When the kids have reached a certain age, at which the skins are in the best condition for the use of the glover, they are killed, and the hides are sold to travelling hawkers, through whom they reach the great centres of the tanning industry at Annonay, Milan, Paris, and Grenoble.

BRIDGET WAS FIRM.

"BRIDGET," said Mrs. Morse, instructing her new maid, "when a lady comes to call upon me, you must hand her this tray, and bring her card straight upstairs to me."

"Yis'm," replied Bridget, promptly.

The next afternoon Mrs. Morse was surprised by the appearance of Bridget, bearing a card in her hand.

"Why, Bridget," she remonstrated, "didn't I tell you yesterday to hand the little silver tray to the callers?"

"Yis'm," replied the smiling maid, "an' I did hand it to her, an' it's herself was unwillin' to take it: but whin I tould her it was my mistress's ixpriss orthers, she give in, quite mild an' pleased like. You'll find it safe wid her down in the drawing-room, ma'am."

And sure enough, Mrs. Morse, when she had made a hasty descent, found her visitor holding the salver, while her mouth was twitching with suppressed amusement.

"I didn't dare refuse it," she said meekly, "as long as Bridget was so urgent."

HANGING CORPSES.

THE natives inhabiting the country round about the Cameroons, in West Africa, entertain strange and eccentric notions with regard to the disposal of their dead. Only slaves are buried out of doors. The honoured dead are interred under the floor of the house. The corpse is first hung up by the neck to the roof of the hut, where it remains until time has altered it sufficiently to allow the bones to appear and the head to drop off. It is then placed in an ox-hide, and finally deposited in a hole in the floor.

In the Slave Coast of West Africa, among the Yorubas, the happiness of the dead is believed to depend upon a properly-performed funeral; the latter is, therefore, always conducted with great pomp and ceremony.

Should the relatives of the dead be unable to procure sufficient money for the elaborate rites by any other means, the children are sold for this purpose. A death will sometimes be concealed for many days, while the family are scraping up the money for the funeral.

FORCED TO SING.

SEVERE methods have been adopted in former days to bring wilful singers to reason. Even in England, Handel threatened to throw a prima donna out of the window unless she sang exactly as he wished, but one incident is recorded which could only have happened under an absolute monarchy.

When the Tsarevitch, afterwards Paul I., was in Berlin, Madame Mara was to sing in an opera given in his honour. She pretended to be ill, however, and informed the management that she could not appear.

On the morning of the day fixed for the performance, the king sent her word that she might as well recover, for, ill or not, she must sing; nevertheless, Madame Mara remained at home and in bed.

Two hours before the appointed time a carriage stopped at her door, and an officer entered her room, leaving a company of dragoons without. He announced that he had been commissioned by the king to take her, dead or alive, to the theatre.

"But you see I am in bed, and cannot get up," remonstrated the vocalist.

"In that case, I must take the bed too," was the reply.

Bathed in tears, the singer made herself ready, and proceeded to the theatre, making up her mind, however, that she would sing in such a manner as to make his Majesty repent his determination.

Through the first act she persisted in the scheme, but as it then occurred to her that the Tsarevitch would carry away a poor opinion of her powers, she changed her tactics, and sang with a brilliancy which astonished and delighted the royal visitor.

Guilty or not guilty? Probably guilty, for I didn't see your name in last week's F.A.F. list. Fined 5s. No costs.

HOME NOTES.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES.

In Warm Weather stand a good deep dish of charcoal in your larder—it greatly helps to keep the stores sweet and wholesome. Charcoal is a great disinfectant, so must be changed constantly. (*Reply to* OXON.)

Scotch Brawn. Boil an ox cheek and two calf's feet very slowly till the meat comes off the bones. Remove the meat carefully from the bones, chop it fine, season with pepper, salt, and allspice to taste. Mix with a little of the stock and press into a mould. Turn out to serve and eat with lemon juice and mustard.

Claret Stains on Table Linen may be removed by holding the article just where it is affected in a saucepanful of boiling milk whilst it still simmers on the stove. Should the stain be very old and therefore obstinate to remove, try salts of lemon in the usual way. (*Reply to* WALFORD, Ipswich.)

Tomato Rice is a nice addition to a hash, or stew or cooked-up meat. Boil two ounces of rice, pour cold water over it and drain very dry. Melt a small lump of butter in a saucepan, add the rice, and sufficient tomato pulp or sauce to make all a pretty colour. When the rice is quite hot, add half an ounce of grated cheese, stir it in well and place as a garnish round the stew. Those who do not object to garlic should add a suspicion of it to the tomato pulp.

Polished Floors are always supposed to be so difficult to keep clean, but the secret of their neglected appearance is really that they are sometimes washed with soapy water. To keep floors nice dust them daily and then rub over quickly with a cloth which is kept for the purpose and occasionally well moistened with kerosene. Rub the boards afterwards with a clean cloth. We all know the merits of beeswax and turpentine for polishing boards, but the process is not so cheap as the kerosene and the polish is more easily scratched, etc. (*Reply to* N.B.)

The Californian Preserve which you wish to make is prepared as follows, and if you live in a town you need not wait till our fruit comes into season, for from all parts now we are supplied with excellent apples. Peel core and slice two and half dozen large cooking apples, add two lemons, cut into thin slices, and the weight of all in preserving sugar, two ounces of finely grated root ginger, and a saltspoonful of cayenne pepper. Cook all slowly together till the apples are clear, then place in jars and tie over securely with strong paper. This preserve will keep in excellent condition for three or four years if you wish it to do so. (*Reply to* ALICE J.)

A Few Hints on Hanging Pictures will apparently be useful just now, judging from my correspondence. First of all the picture cord should be as nearly the colour of the wall paper as possible, so as not to show out at all and detract from the colours in the pictures. Pictures should never be hung too high, for they are less easy to see well, and make a room lower than it really is; the centre of a picture should not be much above the level of the eye. Do not put coloured pictures, if you can avoid it, in halls or staircases unless there is plenty of light for them. Engravings and black and white sketches are most suited to these places. When one picture is hung beneath another carry the cord of the lower one right up to the top of the wall, from where the upper picture is hung. Where prints are to be hung in a bright room it is well to have a self-coloured paper, and a good blue is perhaps the most suitable of all shades.

It is Much Pleasanter, as you say, to have one's own bathing dress when at the sea-side, and, indeed, if one frequently indulges in a "dip" during the holidays, it will cost less to make it at home than to hire one each day. For instance, by purchasing a few yards of serge or coloured linen and a pattern of the bathing dress shown in the sketch (No. 41, price 10½d.), you can make a very pretty costume quite inexpensively. This does not involve a great deal of work, for there is no lining. The blouse and knickers are all in one, otherwise the latter are liable to slip when weighted with water. The short, full tunic, is finished at the waist with a band. This was designed by "Dora" for the "Dressmaking at Home" column of *Home Notes*, but your order should be addressed to me. (*Reply to* HOLIDAY-MAKER.)

Invalids in Summer will do well to try a water or air bed, for they are always cool and soft, and do not require making daily.

When Cooking Chops and you wish to ascertain if they are done, press with a knife, and when the meat is firm it should be served at once on a very hot plate.

Rust on Marble may in many cases be removed by spirits of salt. Afterwards scour with a good crystal soap. Care must be exercised in using spirits of salt, as it is a strong measure. (*Reply to* HOLLAND PARK.)

Russian Toffee is a very wholesome sweetmeat. Boil two pounds of coarse brown sugar with a tin of Swiss milk, and a teaspoonful of essence of vanilla, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Cook slowly till very thick and pour into a greased plate. Cut into squares, and the sweet when cold should taste like caramel.

Children's Fashions are so pretty at the present time, that many mothers are tempted to make their childrens' clothes. To these, I would recommend our new paper—ISOBEL'S FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN, published on the 15th of each month, price 1½d., post free 2½d. Every copy contains a paper pattern, that for the first number being of a summer frock for a little girl.

Ripe Gooseberry Jam. To every pound of fruit allow three-quarters of a pound of best preserving sugar. Stem and top the gooseberries, and boil them with a little water, just to prevent burning; stir well whilst the fruit cooks for an hour. Then add the sugar, and boil till the fruit is perfectly cooked and to a great extent clear. Whilst still hot, pour into jars, and cover over with white paper moistened with beaten white of egg.

For Cleaning Hair Brushes dissolve a teaspoonful of ammonia in a quart of hot water. Shake the brushes up and down in this solution, and when they are quite clean rinse in cold water. Wipe slightly with a dry cloth, carefully removing all moisture from the backs and place in an airy position to dry. This recipe I gave a little while ago, but as it escaped your notice and you have so many toilet brushes to keep in order, I repeat my recipe for your benefit. (*Reply to* TINY HOBBS.)

A Dainty Hash. Butter a large-sized plate, and cover it with a three-quarter-inch layer of mashed potato which has had an egg added to it and delicate seasoning. Decorate the edges of the crust as you would a pie, brush over with milk, and bake till a nice brown. Take some remains of cold meat, chop it small, and heat with a little good gravy; over all scatter a liberal teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Fill the centre of your dish with this mince, garnish with fried sippets of bread, and serve at once.

Try these Suggestions in your Kitchens. Pour boiling water over fish to make it scale easily. Flour slices of potato before frying. Rub a rump steak with a cut lemon when you suspect it is hard. Fry equal quantities of apple and onion when preparing curry. Heat your coffee grains on a clean paper in the oven before pouring the boiling water over. Save the unsmoked bacon fat from the daily frying of rashers, clarify it, and substitute for butter in cakes. Beat butter or cream in a very cold plate, standing the basin on a marble slab if you have it.

Tea Biscuits Made as Follows are both wholesome and economical: Rub half a teaspoonful of butter into half a pint of fine flour; next add a pinch of salt, the beaten white of an egg, and enough warm milk to form the whole into a smooth paste. Beat with a rolling-pin for at least half an hour, form into little pats about the size of a walnut, and roll out thin till as large as a small plate. Sprinkle the baking-tins with flour, and bake carefully in a quick oven. For the sake of variety, oatmeal may be substituted for flour, and the biscuits cut into fancy shapes with a pastry cutter.

Ice Cream. For this purpose the cream must always be highly sweetened and flavoured, for the freezing process deadens both. For good ices have rich sweet cream and half a pound of dissolved loaf sugar for each quart of cream. If you do not wish to use cream, make a good boiled custard, flavour it and freeze. The juice of strawberries and raspberries gives a beautiful colour and flavour to ice cream, about half an ounce of essence to one gallon, or to suit the taste. Have the ice for freezing well broken, and add one quart of salt to a bucket of ice. About half an hour's constant stirring, with occasional scraping down and beating together, will freeze the mixture. When making an ice cream with custard, five minutes boiling will be enough, and the sugar should be added after the custard has cooled. If you wish for further information please write again. (*Reply to* B. H.)

Avoid Drinking Water that has been standing for some time in an open vessel. Draw it fresh as required.

Rice Pottage. Save the stock in which a fowl or piece of mutton has been boiled. Wash two ounces of rice, and add to the broth, with a blade of mace, a little chopped onion; pepper and salt. Simmer till the rice is tender, then remove the mace, add a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a little cream or milk, and serve. This soup makes a very useful supper for a family of children.

A Pantry Soap which is especially useful for cleaning silver is made as follows: Boil together one pint of water, half a pound of good yellow soap, and five pounds of prepared whitening. Let all boil together for about half an hour, and stir till the mixture becomes a thick paste; then put into jars for use. When washing silver use this mixture instead of common soap, and I think you will find your plate is brighter than usual, even without the usual weekly cleaning. (*Reply to* MAY JEVAS.)

Picnic Patties of Cold Meat. Mix six ounces of flour, three ounces of dripping and a teaspoonful of baking powder well together, then work into a stiff paste with a little water, and roll it out a quarter of an inch thick. Grease six patty pans and line them with the paste. Cut up eight ounces of cold meat finely, season with pepper, salt, and a small teaspoonful of mixed herbs, a little gravy, and dredge all with flour. Fill the patty pans, cover with the paste, trim the edges neatly and bake half an hour.

Garnishing is a subject which does not obtain enough consideration in an English kitchen. So much depends on whether a dish looks appetising or not that we should bestow more care on it. The most simple dish of hash will be very appetising if it be daintily garnished with some boiled vegetables, such as peas, bits of brocoli, carrots, French beans, etc. For poultry nothing is better than watercress; it also looks well with cold meats, as does beetroot, slices of lemon, pickle, and any kind of salad. Parsley is never out of place as a garnish, especially when divided into very small sprays. A beef-steak well broiled, with a bunch of grated horseradish, always looks superior to the plain steak which we so often see.

Pot Pourri. Everyone, I suppose, has their own pet recipe for this; but I certainly pride myself that mine excels them all. This is just the time of year to make it, moreover the dry weather of the past few weeks is exceptionally favourable for the purpose. Take a large quantity of fresh rose leaves, dry them in the sun, and turn about constantly till all are perfectly dry and crisp. Add sweet-scented geranium, lemon verbena, honeysuckle, lavender, etc., all of which must be thoroughly dry. After about a fortnight's drying, pepper the leaves with powdered orris root, cinnamon, and bay salt; about a tablespoonful of each will be required. Then add twenty drops of oil of cloves, ditto lavender, half that quantity of oil of cinnamon, and as much oil of musk as you feel entitled to spend on your pot pourri. The last named is the most expensive item in its preparation. Mix all well together, and place in a wide-mouthed jar. For the first year or two the leaves should be stirred constantly. Keep your jar in a dry place, and as time goes on you will be more and more delighted with its fragrance. (*Reply to* OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.)

Isobel.

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All copy must be sent in by Noon on Thursday, July 4, if intended for the Issue on sale July 13, and dated July 20.

The Proprietors reserve the right to hold over or suspend the insertion of any advertisement without prejudice to other insertions on order.

All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly" Offices, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

1895. JAN.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.
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1895 26

MONTSERRAT

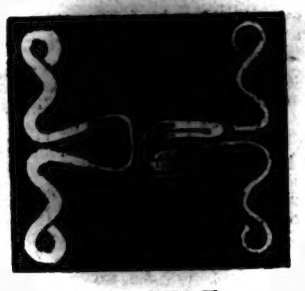
Lime Fruit Juice.

The LANCET says:

"We counsel the public to drink LIME FRUIT JUICE wherever and whenever they list. It is a far more wholesome drink than any form of alcohol."

A teaspoonful of Montserrat Lime Fruit Juice in a small glass of water, taken on arising, is better for average humanity than a large quantity of medicine. It costs but about One Shilling for a pint bottle. Not an expensive experiment. Good also as a beverage in place of lemons. Sold everywhere. Druggists and Grocers.

ALWAYS



RELIABLE.

PRYM'S PATENT REFORM

HOOKS & EYES

Millions have been used, but not a single hook has ever slipped, after once being fastened.

THAT IS THE HOOK YOU WANT.

Then, the extension of the shanks makes it perfectly easy to put them on the dress quite straight without a single measurement.

YOUR BODICE TO FIT NICELY

ought to be fastened with these Hooks and Eyes. They keep the dress perfectly straight and unwrinkled.

ASK YOUR DRAPER FOR THEM.

ALWAYS

Borwick's

GIVES

Baking

SATISFACTION

Powder.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

Notice.

Persons subject to eye disorders should know that any affliction can be cured by Singleton's Golden Eye Ointment, but it must be Singleton's. Of all chemists and drug stores at 4/- per pot. 200 years' reputation. "How to preserve the Eyesight," a little book of value to every family in which there is a case of weak eyes, will be forwarded free to any address by Stephen Green, 220, Lambeth Road, London.

14/11 TWEED — 9/11 SERGE

Allen Foster & Co

THE LONDON MANUFACTURERS.

TWEED COSTUMES, 14/11.

An Extraordinary Bargain.

A costume any lady can wear. It is made in the latest style and fashion for the coming season, produced in expensive Shrunk Tweeds of newest designs. It consists of an open fronted jacket with very full sleeves and with the new shaped skirt. Buy direct from the **London Manufacturer** and you will find that the price asked utterly fails to convey idea of the value given.

In sending order, give measurements as follows: Round bust under arms, neck to waist at back, length of skirt, inside sleeve, and round waist. All sizes kept in stock, and in all the newest mixtures and shades. Any length of our Costume Tweeds or Serges may be had by the yard.

SEND FOR PATTERNS.

We also draw your attention to our "Seaside Costume" made in our Spécialité Serge, unsurpassed for wear, at Nine and Eleven, similar style to sketch, **9/11** with revers and velvet weltered collar; can be had in Black, Navy, Tan, Drab, Grey, Brown, and the fashionable shades of Blue and Green.

Each Costume packed securely and sent carriage paid for **6d.** *extra. Any Costume may be returned if not approved, and money will be refunded immediately.*

ALLEN FOSTER & CO., 30, Roscoe Street, London, E.C.

TIME ON THE MEND

If you suffer from Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Cramp, Sprains, Chest Cold, Sore Throat, Chilblains, Facache, Backache, or any other ache,

DAY'S OIL OF THE NIGHT

PUTS THAT RIGHT.

"It is a positive pain killer."—Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

"I find it a wonderful preparation for the relief of Neuralgia and Rheumatism."—S. F. Edwards, Tranmere, Birkenhead.

1/1½ and 2/9 from Chemists, or direct, post paid,

DAY & SONS, Crewe, Cheshire.

"As a Safe, Permanent, and Warranted Cure" for Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, we can with confidence recommend Clarke's World-famed Blood Mixture. "It is certainly the finest Blood Purifier that science and medical skill have brought to light." Thousands of Testimonials from all parts. Sold everywhere, at 2s. 9d. per bottle. Beware of worthless imitations or substitutes.

£20

TO TOBACCONISTS (COMMENCING). See Ild. Guide (350 pages), 2d., "How to open a Cigar Store, £20 to £2,000." TOBACCONISTS' CO., 186, Euston Rd., London. N.B.—Shop-fitters and show-case makers for all trades. Estimates free. Est. 1868. Mgr., Hy. Myers.

A SIGNAL SUCCESS.

"'Tis not in mortals to command success, but we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."

THE PEARSON POTTERY CO., HANLEY,

Are selling fast the most wonderful package of Crockery in the World.

100 PIECES FOR £1 1s.

A beautiful Dinner Service of 50 pieces is guaranteed **Worth the Guinea alone,** consequently a charming China Tea Service and a useful Collection of Crockery are given **FOR NOTHING.**

Thousands sold all over the world. Everybody not only satisfied but amazed at the quantity and quality given.

The Secret of the Success.—The Pearson Pottery Company are manufacturers, not middlemen like many other advertisers. The Pearson Potteries have nearly 2,000ft. frontage to the town of Hanley.

Hundreds of these packages are applied for as **Wedding or Birthday Presents.** And what more useful present can be given? Every item is useful.

The Thirty Shilling Bazaar Parcel is selling well. Apply at once.

Send a Post Card for Particulars. You will never regret it. Freedom from breakage guaranteed. All letters to the

PEARSON POTTERY COMPANY, HANLEY.

CHIVERS'

DELICIOUS, Prepared in silver-lined pans. **WHOLESOME.** Highly prized by all. **REFRESHING,** Flavoured with Ripe Fruit Juices.

DR. GORDON STABLES, R.N., says: "Jellies that really add to our health and luxury."

GOLD MEDAL

PROPRIETORS OF THE FIRST ENGLISH FRUIT FARM JAM FACTORY,

HALF-PINTS, 2½d. PINTS, 4½d. QUARTS, 8d.

S. CHIVERS & SONS, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE.

CHIVERS' CUSTARDS and **CHIVERS' BLANC MANGES**—2d. and 3d. packets and 6d. boxes—two more delicious and digestible additions to the dinner and supper table. Made by simply adding milk and boiling.

A CHILD by the aid of CHIVERS' SPECIALITIES can make a CUSTARD, a BLANC MANGE or a JELLY, of which any Cook might be proud. *Of Grocers and Stores.*

JELLIES.

'TWIXT EDITOR AND READER.

SKELETON sketches of cricketers, such as the one given, swept down upon us in vast multitudes in a recent competition for this class of work. We withstood the torrent then, and we are willing to undertake the responsibility of a similar rush again. This time we offer penknives for the fifty best sets of six outline sketches in illustration of the game of lawn tennis. The more characteristic the attitudes chosen, and the fewer the lines comprising the sketches, the better. Attempts to reach this office on or before Tuesday, July 9.

THE number of entries for the eighth cycle offered by the London Cycle Corporation is a record. Evidently the poetic instinct is strongly developed in our readers. Competitors were asked to compose a piece of verse, the last words of the lines to be "load," "wheel," "road," "feel." The winner of the cycle is Mr. Chas. H. H. Satchell, 9, Dangan Road, Wanstead, N.E., for the following pretty verse:

'Tis Love that lightens labour's heavy load,
And onward urges fickle Fortune's wheel;
God help the souls who walk earth's troubled road
Without a hand to help, a heart to feel.

MR. JOHN SHERRATT, of Talk-o'-th'-Hill, Stoke-on-Trent, has contributed these humourous lines:

D'ye know my girl, Jemima? Yus? Well, ain't she jest a load.
Tet it afore a chap like me, upon a tandem wheel?
I'm gettin' thinner every day, I'm dropping on the road
In spots o' grease, wot testerfy the hagony I feel.

GEORGE H. WILLS writes:

This to inform you, sir, that I have securely bound an issue of *P. W.*, dated June 15th, to a pole outside the harbour of St. Heliers, Jersey, which marks some dangerous rocks. It can be seen by boats coming from all parts, as they pass within twenty yards of the pole. The paper is so fastened that it cannot be reached without a great deal of trouble. A friend and I had to charter a boat and row out to the pole which stands some thirty feet above the water, and which I had to climb at considerable risk of receiving a ducking.

REFERRING to this exploit, the JERSEY EXPRESS says:

Pearson's Weekly recently offered a prize to the reader who succeeded in advertising the paper in the most novel way. Two young men residing in the island, after putting their heads together, thought out the following ingenious plan. They rowed to the Oyster Rock, which is situated about a mile from the harbour, and passed by all the outgoing and incoming mail boats, and, having climbed the beacon pole, attached a copy of the paper within a couple of feet of the top. This, to our idea, is certainly a very novel way of advertising.

A sentiment in which I heartily concur. The competition referred to has been closed for some weeks, but *P. W.* has taken upon itself to reward these bold adventurers according to its wont.

THE cycling track at Herne Hill is famous throughout Europe, not only because it is the best, but because the events there attract the greatest numbers of spectators. Here on August 17th, thanks to the kindness of Mr. J. Mason, of Manor Park, will be held some sports on behalf of the FRESH AIR FUND. Will my cycling readers and others keep the day free?

"ARE there really such things as frog showers?" asks SUSPICIOUS——————This is a subject on which there has been a great deal of controversy at different times. The opinion of several naturalists, however, justifies an answer in the negative. The numbers of tiny frogs that sometimes make their appearance after a heavy rainfall do not come from the clouds. This is sufficiently proved by the fact that they have never been observed on the roofs of houses or upon any other place inaccessible from the ground. In some countries, it is true, frogs have actually been seen to fall and fish as well. The phenomenon can only be explained by the agency of a whirlwind which may have swept up the little creatures, carried them for some distance and dropped them again. In England such an event is extremely unlikely.

TYNESIDER. I said "largely circulated paper." The publication of which you send a copy cannot claim to be included in this category.

R. E. T. suggests that if I wish to advertise this paper in a practical way I could not possibly do better than manufacture little drinking troughs for dogs, with *Pearson's Weekly* painted on them, which might be supplied to the Municipal authorities of every town in the United Kingdom, and while acting as a permanent advertisement, would also fulfil a very useful purpose.——————The idea is good; but unfortunately, it has been thought of long ago, and by someone else. Quite recently, I believe, 25,000 drinking troughs of this kind have been made to the order of Mr. R. S. Hudson, of soap fame, and distributed gratis to shopkeepers all over the country. I am not the editor of ANSWERS that I should wait for others to think out good ideas before I appropriate them for my own use, thank Heaven!

H. H. writes: "I am reading 'Valdar the Oft-Born' with much pleasure and interest. Shall I be premature in asking how the tale finishes? Is Valdar engaged as your fighting editor? If not, I should offer him the berth."——————Mr. Griffith is away on the other side of the world, and I dare not reveal his secrets. But whatever may have have been the destiny of the Oft-Born, it was not that of Chucker-out-in-chief at this office, although he would have suited the work admirably. The present man, however, can look after himself.

A. J. H. asks: "What is the origin of the phrase, 'To give quarter,' meaning to spare the life of an enemy within one's power?"——————Dr. Tusler says: "It originated from an agreement between the Dutch and the Spaniards that the ransom of a prisoner should be a quarter of his pay." If this is not the correct derivation it ought to be. No other could surpass it. I take a great delight in these ingenious explanations. The Rev. Dr. Brewer, however, in his matter-of-fact way suggests that the expression simply means "to grant conditions," adding that in this sense quarter was commonly used at one time. As no one is in a position to contradict them, either of these solutions may be considered correct, or any other like them, for the matter of that.

THE REV. F. W. DAVIS writes: "I have a tortoise (a wonderful tortoise, for I have had it in my possession for a fortnight or more, and have yet been unable to persuade it either to eat or drink) and know not how to feed it. Please give me a wrinkle or two?——————The ways of the tortoise are always difficult to understand. They excel most animals in their tenacity of life, and can exist for long periods without food of any kind. The brain of the tortoise is small, weighing only one thousandth part of the whole body, and after the brain has been destroyed life still lingers in the frame. A headless tortoise has been observed to walk two hundred yards twenty-four hours after decapitation, while it is well known that the heart removed from the body will, if carefully suspended in a moist chamber, continue capable of beating for two or even three days. The common land tortoise is a vegetable feeder, prefering lettuce and drinking milk. Others will eat almost any food that is offered them.

LILY asks: "What is the origin of the term honeymoon?"——————Well, Lily, I'll be tectotally amalgamated if I know what the origin of the term was. What the word honeymoon may have to do with that period when the young husband and wife are getting acquainted with each other's home styles of meanness, I am free to state I do not, at this moment, exactly know. Think of waking in the dead hours of night during this blessed time, called by the poets and other connubial savants the honeymoon, to find that your noble Adolphus, whose whole being seems to you, Lily, to be the very *ne plus ultra*, the *ultima thule*, and the *pro bono publico* of perfection—think of finding in that stilly hour, I say, when all nature is hushed, that Adolphus snores enough to crack the eternal granite foundations of the universe. There are places, no doubt, Lily, where you can find out by ascertaining what the origin of this word is, but at this moment the required information has escaped my mind.

COMING now to the FRESH AIR FUND, I would refer all those readers who are anxious to hear the result of the collection in the London streets to a special article which appears elsewhere in this issue. The ordinary subscriptions are still rolling in with pleasing rapidity, but for all that the total is not so much larger than it was this time last year as I hoped it might be. Surely 75,000 children is not to be our annual limit. A few weeks ago, by the way, I had the pleasure of acknowledging a subscription from a Portuguese gentleman. Since then I have received a handsome subscription from a lady and gentleman who have recently arrived in this country from Johannesburg, South Africa. Imagine, too, the pleasure with which the following letter, signed "A. B. T.," was perused:

Having, sir, always taken an interest in your work done through the Fresh Air Fund, I thought that this summer I would see what could be accomplished in a small way in Paris. The inclosed cheque to your order for £36 shows that I have not been unsuccessful, and I am very pleased to know that a little effort will send to the country 960 mites.

This interest in the welfare of our little London children taken by absolute strangers and foreigners is most remarkable and gratifying. Most heartily do I thank them on behalf of everyone concerned for their generous support and the sympathy which prompted it. A last letter, and I have done. It was dated from Portsmouth, and ran as follows:

To the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly*.—Dear Sir, I inclose the sum of £15 towards your Fresh Air Fund, being the surplus of the Canteen Fund of H.M.S. *Gibraltar*, the ship's company having voted that it should be applied to this purpose. Yours, etc., A. P. STODDART, Treasurer and First Lieutenant.

P.W. takes off its well-worn hat. Three cheers for the gallant sailors of H.M.S. *Gibraltar*.

Another opportunity is offered for those who are in any way anxious to obtain something for nothing but the trouble of asking people to subscribe to the F.A.F. To the reader who sends in the largest amount collected for this purpose on or before July 9th will be awarded a bicycle with pneumatic tyres, worth £22, which has kindly been presented for the purpose by the Nimrod Cycle Company, of Bristol. The second prize will be a £3 3s. suit offered by the Limerick Clothing Co., of Limerick; the third prize £3 3s. worth of goods given by Messrs. Roberts, Somerville, & Co., tweed manufacturers, of Galashiels; the fourth a guinea set of pottery presented by the Pearson Pottery Co., of Hanley; and the fifth a guinea cricket bat, which is the gift of Messrs. Pilling and Briggs, of Manchester.

Amount Previously Acknowledged - £560 14s. 5d.

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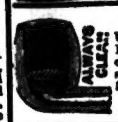

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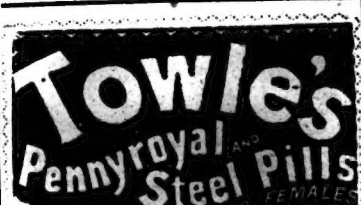

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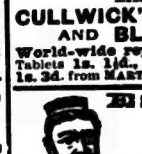

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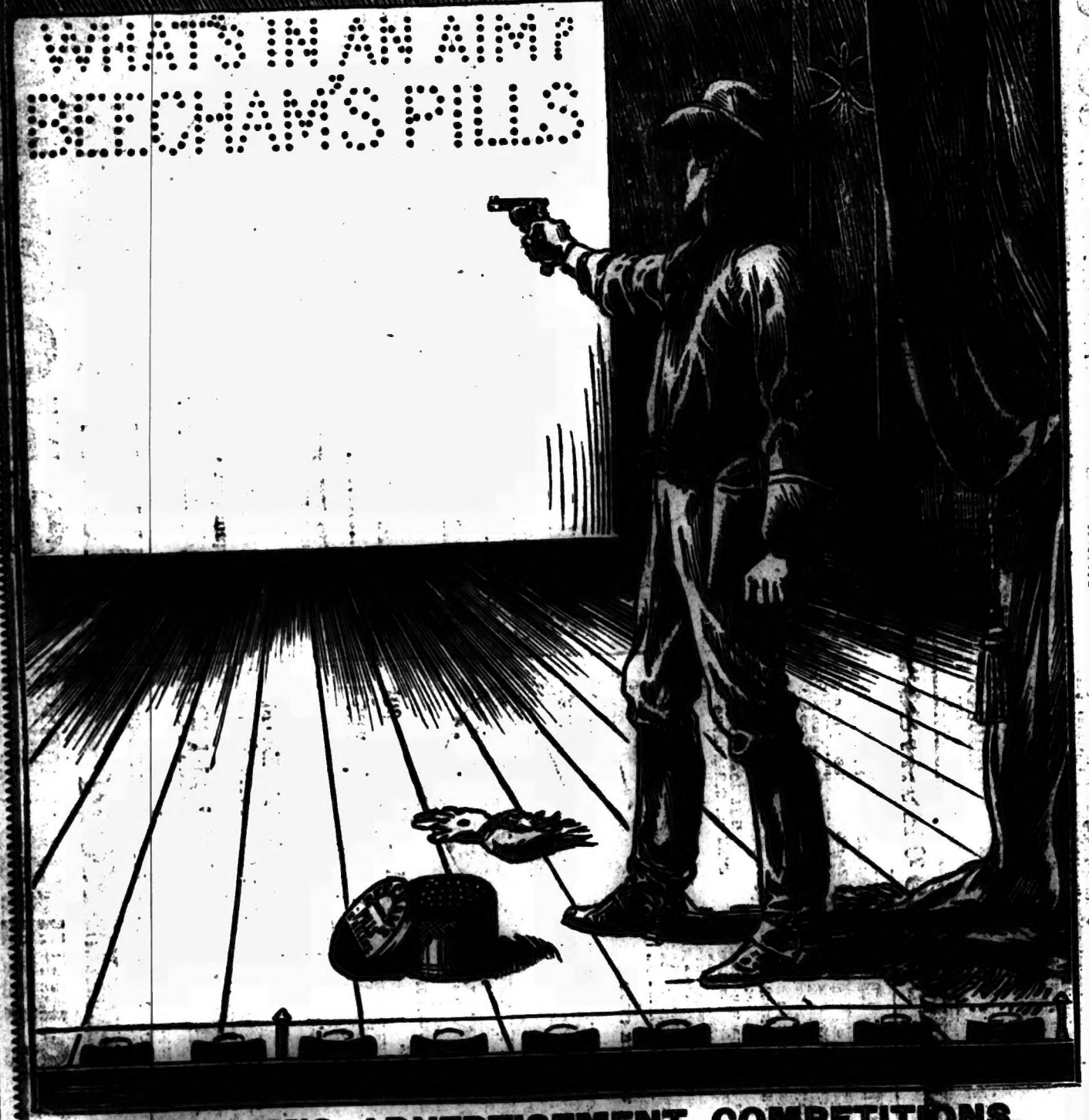

BEECHAM'S ADVERTISEMENT COMPETITIONS.

A Prize of Two Guineas will be given to the reader who suggests the most suitable wording for filling the Advertising Target. It will be seen that 50 words will suffice, but probably a telling and appropriate sentence will be constructed with less. Competitors should bear in mind that the words

WHAT'S IN AN AIM?
BEECHAM'S PILLS.

must lead up to whatever they compose.—A few Consolation Prizes will be given to those readers whose efforts may be considered very near the mark.—Address the PROPRIETOR OF BEECHAM'S PILLS, ST. HELENS, LANCASHIRE.

Do not trouble to send this Advertisement, better to keep it, and show it to your friends. It will be re-inserted in this paper as soon as possible with the chosen wording on the Target.

WORTH A GUINEA

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL

BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,

SUCH AS

Sick Headache, Constipation,

Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion,

Disordered Liver & Female Ailments.

THE SALE IS NOW 6,000,000 BOXES PER ANNUM.

In Boxes, 9½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.

THE 1s. 1½d. BOX CONTAINS FIFTY-SIX PILLS.

BEECHAM'S TOOTH PASTE

RECOMMENDS ITSELF. It is Efficacious, Economical, Cleanses the Teeth, Perfumes the Breath, and is a Reliable and Pleasant Dentifrice.

In Collapsible Tubes, of all Druggists, or from the Proprietor, for ONE SHILLING, postage paid.

Prepared only by the Proprietor—

THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND PATENT MEDICINE DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

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